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Looking Forward

ONE OF THE most pressing questions before many business men just now is the future of the stock market. Has it run its course? Will it stabilize at its present level, or at a higher or a lower one? Specifically, how much has the buying power of the country, applied to other commodities, been hurt?

WELL, AS A RULE, a sensible man bases his expenditures on what he has been making up to now, and what he expects to make in the near future. He does not base it on what he is offered for his house this week. In fact, unless he is unable to pay the interest on his mortgage, he does not worry much about that. Savings, with him, are a specified proportion of his income, and he does not aim to save more than that. Any changes he may make in his expenditures depend greatly on what he thinks his income for the next few months is going to be.

FOR THIS REASON it is important, in our view, that business men who are worried over the present uncertainty examine the situation particularly with regard to their own income and prospects, rather than in the light of rumors and of reports about others. Psychology is a badly overworked word, but in greater degree than we imagine, probably, business is what we make it in this country. Unless a man has been sold out in the market—meaning he bet on the wrong horse—it never matters so much what his securities are valued at, as it does what income he gets from them. How well are you, personally, able to buy in comparison with your ability three weeks ago? How many men are there like you? What proportion do you bear to the number of people in the country who are not directly affected by the stock market?

THE ANSWER TO these questions, it seems to us, ought to give a more reasonable view of our immediate business prospects than any amount of crystal gazing on the probable rise or fall of stock market prices in Wall Street.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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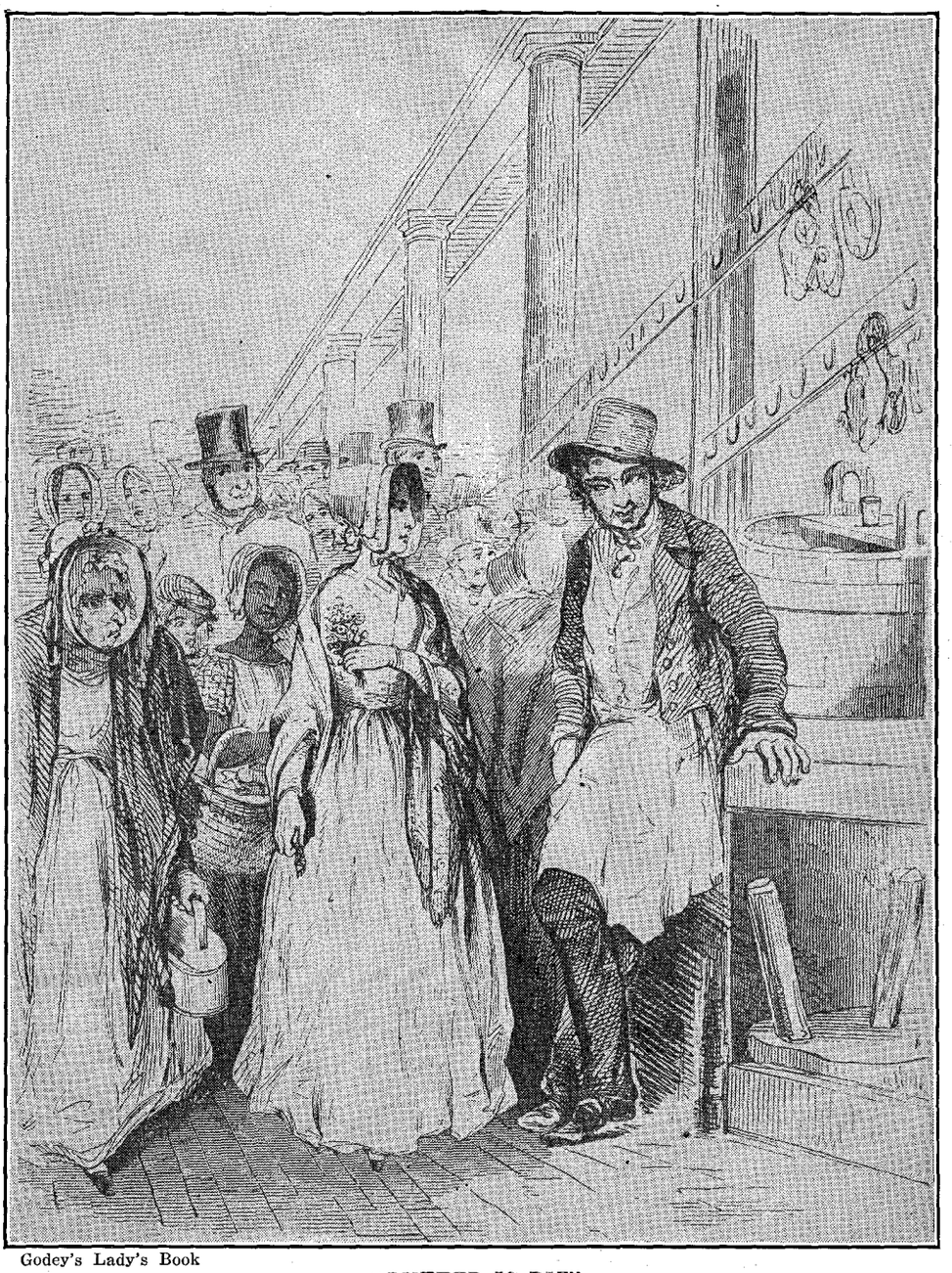

Godey's Lady's Book

"BUTTER IS RIZ"

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Outlook
and Independent
November 20, 1929

Raids on the Pantry

The Pure Food Law After 23 Years

By WAINWRIGHT EVANS

In 1906, an aroused public opinion demanded pure food and pure drugs, and with Theodore Roosevelt shaking the Big Stick, Congress passed a law with teeth in it. Twenty-three years later, investigation shows, the Food and Drugs Act suffers from public indifference and legislative neglect, and is in danger of being muzzled by amendments and red tape. Its best friends at the moment seem to be enforcement officers and certain powerful groups in the drug and canning industries

IT IS COMMON in the experience of forest travelers to come to the trunk of some prostrate tree, step confidently upon it, and have it crumble to powder at a touch. It looks as sound and solid as it did the day it fell, years before. But bugs and grubs have taken it. After boring little, inconspicuous holes, they pulled the holes in after them, so to speak, and then worked from the inside. Safe from wind, weather, and predatory woodpeckers, they mined away steadily through successive sawdust-making generations, till at last nothing was left of the log but a splendid shell, satisfying and solid to look at, promising for the ax, but dangerous to step on, and incapable of feeding a campfire for warmth or the cooking of a meal.

In like manner, it happens every now and then that the public discovers that some necessary and important law has, somehow, become a worm-eaten shell; that though the outside remains robust and intact, the inside has been eaten away by two-legged bugs and grubs of the kind that form lobbies, pull legislative wires, spend plenty of money, and initiate innocent looking "amendments" which they introduce so quietly and dexterously as to attract a minimum of public attention and a maximum of legislative votes. Thus they accomplish their aims without disturbing anybody—at the time. Sometimes they manage the same thing very neatly by doctoring a new law with inconspicuous jokers which have been completely surrounded by commas.

One log in our legislative forest that is particularly in need, just now, of a good coat of creosote for the discouragement of bugs and grubs is the Pure Food Law, officially known as the Food and Drugs Act. Of course this Act is, at present, very far from being a mere worm-eaten shell. It is aggressively enforced by a body of officials who strongly believe in it; and it is, so far as its main provisions go, a very effective law. What now chiefly endangers it, and lays it open to unsuspected attacks, is that the American public has largely forgotten it, and certain commercial and political interests emphatically have not. There is no law on the statute books which the American public takes more completely, carelessly, and light-heartedly for granted. So far as pure food and pure drugs go, "we've got a Law." Congress has uttered the necessary magic hocus-pocus and had it printed. It is therefore automatically effective; and that Congress itself is inclined to take this view of the ability of the Pure Food Law practically to enforce itself, seems to be indicated by the fact the appropriation made for its enforcement under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture is about a million dollars a year. With that million the enforcement officials are supposed to grapple with the intricate and ramified activities of the food industry, and with the even more ramified and remarkable activities of the enormous drug industry to boot. On a sum that amounts to less than one cent per capita per annum, the Department of Agriculture, through a bureau known as the Food, Drug, and Insecticide Administration, is supposed to insure that all the Food we eat and all the Drugs we take are pure, unadulterated, clean, honestly made, and honestly represented.

One has to be well over forty years old, these days, to have any vivid personal recollection of the furore of angry public opinion which led, in 1906, to the passage of the Food and Drugs Act. When that law was passed Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* was a best seller; and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, now a splendid old war-horse of 86, and still on the job in Washington, had made his Poison Squad experiments into the best of newspaper copy. That portion of our population now hovering around the thirty mark were children from five to seven years old; persons now in their middle twenties were infants in arms; boys and girls now in high school and college had most of them not been born. This means that an enormous portion of the American people have merely heard about the Food and Drugs Act; they have not lived it; it has for them no dramatic connotation, with Teddy Roosevelt

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swinging the Big Stick and the muck-raking magazines running laboratories in food chemistry, and the Chicago stockyards smelling to heaven. How it has all faded from the minds even of presumably well-informed people, is well illustrated by a question which the editor of a magazine recently asked an official of the Department of Agriculture. "What," he asked, "ever became of the Pure Food Law after Dr. Wiley died?"

But those of us who are now in the roaring forties, or in the less lively fifties or worse, ought to respond to the old war cry and neigh again at the sound of the trumpet. For the truth is that the time is ripe right now for a brand-new shindy about pure foods and pure drugs. The Food and Drugs Act is definitely in peril.

Not that there has been any direct or open attack on it. By no means. Its enemies are too wise for that. The trick is to make sawdust of it from the inside, while preserving its impressive exterior intact. "Amendments" have been discreetly suggested, some of which would permit under another name practices of adulteration and cheating which the Act was passed expressly to prevent; while others would create an elaborate system of red-tape so as to slow down enforcement of the law to a pace such that manufacturers of adulterated, filthy, or poisonous products could always keep a jump ahead of the enforcement officials, cash in on their goods, and lick the platter clean before anybody could do anything about it.

As matters stand, the Food and Drugs Act, as interpreted recently by some of the lower courts, contains certain technical and legal imperfections in the provisions which relate to foods. If those interpretations should be sustained by the appellate courts, it is not putting it too strongly to say that the law will then prove to contain technical and legal loopholes through which the rats can play hide and seek. It is often extremely difficult, or even quite impossible, for the Government to control many practices which it believes to be against the intent and spirit of the Food and Drugs Act. Lack of funds, moreover, makes it impossible for the Government to devote much attention to many abuses which it would like to put a stop to, but which are, relatively, less important than those serious and outrageous abuses which must be looked after, whatever the limitations in matters less important. In the field of drugs, for instance, if it be a choice between prosecuting the maker of a fake cancer cure and a fake bunion remedy, there can be no question that, though both nostrums may be equally misbranded and equally in violation of the law, it is the duty of the enforcement officials to attack the cancer cure and other serious abuses of like nature first. If there is then no money left for disciplining the maker of the bunion cure, that can't be helped—at least not till Congress decides to support the Act with more money than at present.

A DECEPTIVE LABEL
Cheaper vegetable oils often masquerade as the comparatively costly olive oil

AN HONEST LABEL
This can contains what the label says it contains

Thus it comes about that the Government selects for its attention those commodities, abuses in which would be most detrimental to public welfare. In the food field, the Government confines its efforts largely to looking after the great food staples. This it does with great thoroughness. It watches butter, sugar, flour, and the like in a way that makes serious abuses over any extended period of time impossible. The same applies to drugs. In the meantime, the little fellows, many of them, get away with lesser violations of the law because there is not enough money on hand for dealing with them.

This situation, incidentally, opens the Department of Agriculture to a deal of fiery criticism from reformers who want the Department to wipe up the earth with the rascals and drive them out. But that sort of thing is not done on hot air: it takes money; and it calls for a perfected and strengthened Food and Drug Act besides.

Among the current assaults on the Act which have most seriously menaced its integrity during recent years are the so-called Corn Sugar Bill, and the Williams Bill. Let's take the Corn Sugar Bill first:

This measure was introduced in Congress for the third time last April. It proposed an amendment to the Food and Drugs Act to permit, among other things, the use of corn sugar in manufactured and prepared foods without declaration of its presence on the label. Corn sugar is chemically almost identical with glucose, the adulterant whose wide-spread use without declaration of its presence was one thing that led to the passage of the Food and Drugs Act in 1906. Glucose is about half as sweet as cane or beet sugar, and it is very much cheaper. As a food it is perfectly wholesome, but it is inferior both as to sweetening power and flavor. Because it is so very cheap it would be widely used in place of cane or beet sugar in the sweetening of prepared and manufactured foods if only its presence did not have to be declared on the label. At present goods sweetened with glucose or corn sugar are rightly regarded by the public as inferior, and they have to be sold at a lower price. Corn sugar could be used as a substitute for cane or beet sugar,

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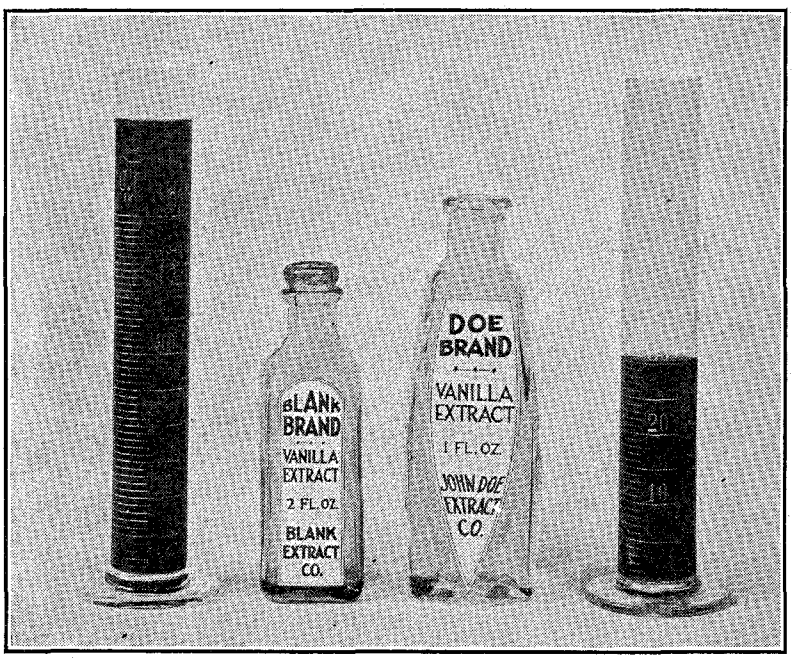
in short, only by omitting to inform the consuming public of its presence; and this corn sugar bill proposes to legalize such omission.

This extraordinary measure was introduced in the House by Congressman Cole of Iowa, and in the Senate by Senator Capper of Kansas, with the enthusiastic and hopeful support of the Corn Products Refining Company, a corporation which wants to "help the farmer" by providing a market for his corn. The measure also had the backing of the National Farm Bureau.

There are three reasons why the proposed amendment would not make any appreciable difference either in the consumption of corn or in the price of corn. One is that corn sugar does not have to be made from corn, but can be manufactured from potatoes, kaffir corn, or any other starchy food. The second as set forth by former Secretary of Agriculture Jardine when the measure was first proposed, is that less than one per cent of our national corn crop would be used for the manufacture of corn sugar. The third reason is that about a half-billion dollars' worth of farms crops are at present consumed annually by the canning industry. Now the prosperity of the canning industry depends on the confidence of the public in canned goods, and the canning industry therefore takes the position that if the use of such an adulterant were permitted by law, the industry would be crippled by the loss of "consumer confidence." The National Canners Association, therefore, is fighting the corn sugar bill, and is trying to make farmers understand that a crippled canning industry could no longer buy a half-billion dollars' worth of farm products a year. Why the National Farm Bureau remains oblivious of the attitude of the Department of Agriculture and of the National Canners Association, deponent sayeth not.

Before the passage of the Food and Drugs Act there was little or no sale of extracted honey in this country. The reason was that glucose was extensively used for the adulteration of honey. The public had gradually come to the conclusion, without just knowing why, that it didn't like what was called "strained honey," and that honey in the comb was sweeter and tasted better. Then, when it learned that glucose was used to debase honey, it was shyer than ever. It was after the passage of the Food and Drugs Act the adulteration of extracted honey ceased, and this wonderful sweet began to come back into public favor. The market for it has been growing steadily for many years. But of course that market would be again destroyed if the corn sugar bill should pass, simply because that bill would permit, among other things, the secret, unlabeled adulteration of extracted honey with corn sugar. Naturally the honey industry is fighting the bill; and laboratory tests have already demonstrated that such adulterations could be made with entire success. Another product that could be adulterated with glucose under this bill is maple sugar and maple syrup. Still another prospect is the adulteration of cane sugar and beet sugar with corn sugar. Such adulteration would be very profitable because corn sugar, being only half as sweet as cane and beet sugar, would force the consumption of more pounds of sugar.

But even more menacing than the direct results of this bill are its implications as a precedent for further legislation of the same sort. By the same reasoning as that which favors the corn sugar bill, why should not the cotton growers and the cottonseed oil industry have some Congressman from the cotton belt introduce a measure to permit the use of cottonseed oil with olive oil without declaration of its presence on the label. Cottonseed oil is wholesome and cheap, and a lot of people would never know the difference. On the theory that what the public doesn't know won't hurt it, it is difficult to see why both corn sugar adulteration and cottonseed oil adulteration should not be equally permissible. Again, oleomargarine, made from cottonseed oil, cocoanut oil, or animal fats, is a wholesome food, and many persons would not know it from butter. And then there is flour. Mix twenty per cent of corn flour with eighty per cent of wheat flour, and you have a cheap product from which the housewife can make very satisfactory bread. In fact, if she were not told the truth, she would generally accept the adulterated mixture as pure wheat flour. In short, it is safe to say that the corn sugar bill, largely because of the precedents for adulteration it would establish, is the most serious blow ever aimed at the integrity and general effectiveness of the Food and Drugs Act, and that it proposes to legalize a system of shameless dishonesty besides.



SIZE vs. CONTENT

The quantity statement on the label prevents deception due to difference in the size of containers, as shown by the measures on each side.

All this seems very evident on the face of it. And yet this measure actually passed the Senate in 1926, and it actually passed the House in 1928. Last April it was introduced so late in the session that it didn't get out of the Committee rooms; but in 1930 it is perfectly possible that, after so many close squeaks, it may go through.

The other outstanding legislative effort to emasculate the Food and Drugs Act is the Williams Bill, so called because it was introduced by Senator Williams of Missouri. This bill proposes to slow down the efforts of the Government in the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act to a point where offenders would have every benefit of the law's traditional delays and

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The "X" of the Stock Market

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The collapse of the stock market was the first experience of investment trusts in this country with adverse conditions, and it is still too early to determine how they have weathered the blow. It has been conclusively demonstrated, however, that their ability to stabilize the market has been greatly exaggerated. Mr. Scroggs, who is on the editorial staff of the New York World, believes that the period of readjustment which is ahead will enable the investment trust to play an increasingly useful part in the life of the nation

THE RECENT collapse of security prices has stimulated a new sort of interest in the investment trust. This type of financial institution is comparatively a newcomer in our midst, and for that reason the influence which it might exert on the stock market has been a matter of no little curiosity. The market for many months has not been behaving according to Hoyle. It has risen and fallen at times when by all the known rules it should have done the very opposite, and many have attributed its peculiarities to the injection of this new and unknown factor into the situation.

The investment trust is still such a new thing in the United States that it is often referred to as the latest fashion in finance. It may be that, but it is also much more. It has come in from abroad and it has spread with an acceleration comparable to that of the latest mode from Paris. To that extent it resembles a fashion, but fashions are transient, and the investment trust, from all indications, has come to stay.

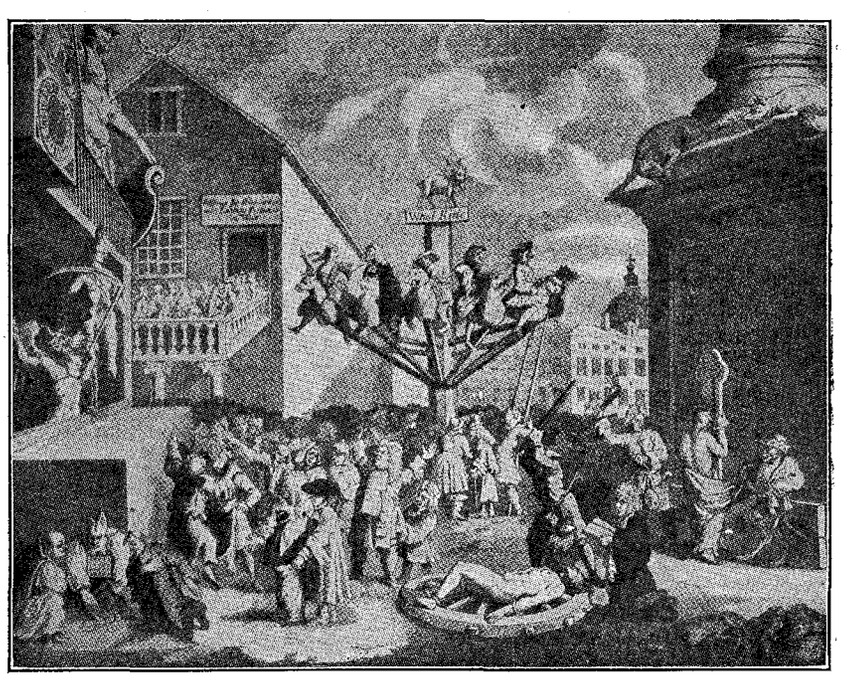
For half a century the investment trust has had a useful career in Great Britain, but it did not attract serious attention in the United States until about five years ago. Before the World War we were a debtor nation; our investor class was small, and our banking system was subject to periodic crises and still needed the co-ordinating activities which are now supplied by the Federal Reserve. The conditions which had long favored the growth of investment trusts in England did not appear here until we had passed through the War and the period of economic readjustment which followed.

Once the soil was ready for them, however, the growth of investment trusts in this country was amazing. In the first nine months of 1929 the public offerings of new securities by investment trusts amounted to $2,200,000,000, compared with $800,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1928. Such offerings during the current year have constituted 25 per cent of the financing in the New York market. Since the capital thus acquired was to be invested in securities or to be placed temporarily in call loans, it is easy to understand the importance which many financial writers have ascribed to the investment trust as a factor in the stock market. There is reason to believe that in recent months the financing of new trusts has been overdone, but it is obvious none the less that this new development is more than a passing fad. It has come in response to changing conditions and changing needs, and its effects have already been far-reaching.

Hardly had the investment trust established itself in this country before it began to take on a number of new characteristics which were unknown in its original British habitat. In England and Scotland the trusts are all very much alike. They are chartered companies which sell their own obligations to the public and invest the proceeds in a widely diversified group of securities, so as to obtain safety by distributing the risk. It is the policy of these companies to invest broadly; many of them hold from 400 to 1,000 different issues of securities. They usually buy both bonds and stocks, foreign as well as domestic, with the sole purpose of safe and profitable investment. There is no attempt, as is the case with some of the newer institutions in this country, to "buy into" a company with the object of obtaining control.

That is the classical type of the investment trust. To both large and small investors it offers certain patent advantages. It provides a wide diversification for those who from limited capital or lack of experience cannot obtain this on their own account. The holder of a share in an investment trust thus has a fractional interest in scores of securities which have been selected for him by experts. In this way he obtains skilled guidance and at the same time avoids putting too many eggs in one basket.

Some of the investment trusts in the United States follow the British model closely, but others show a wide variation from this type. For example, many American trusts do not operate under charters but under a special contract or trust in-



THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

A cartoon by Hogarth in "A History of Financial Speculation" by R. H. Mottram (Little, Brown & Co.)

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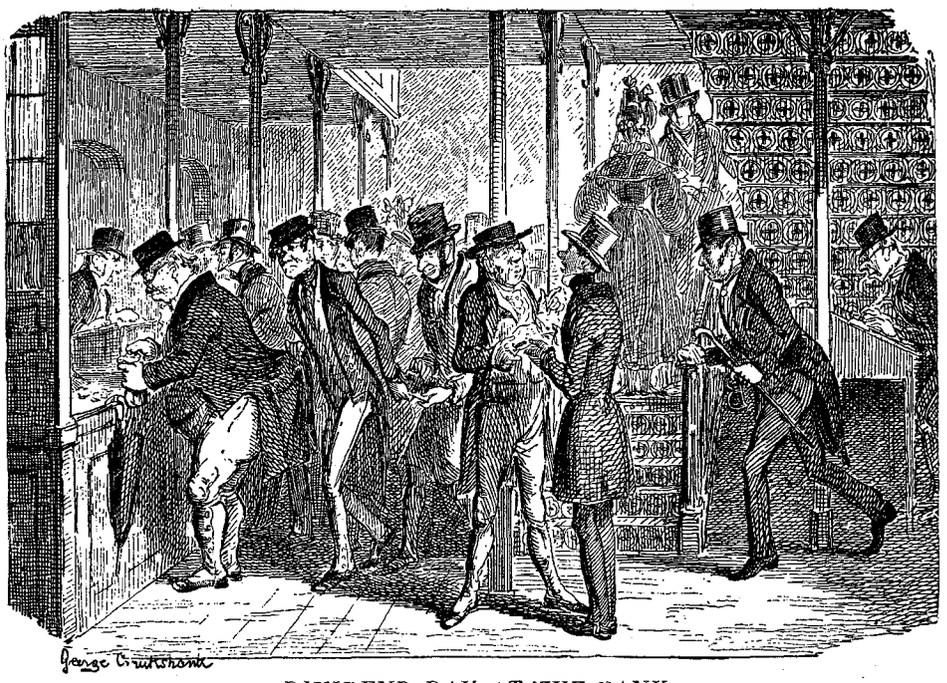
denture, which defines the respective rights and obligations of all the parties to the agreement and is enforceable at law like any other contract. Another new development in this country is the so-called "fixed" type of trust. It differs radically from the "management" type in that it assembles its securities in certain predetermined combinations, and against these issues share certificates whose holders are entitled to their pro rata of the earnings of this particular group of securities. The stocks against which the certificates are issued usually cannot be altered, or if so only at fixed intervals during the life of the agreement. The management of a "fixed" trust, once the stocks in which it is to invest are determined upon, becomes an unimportant factor. The success of the venture depends, of course, upon the character of the securities selected.

Such a trust operates on the assumption that in the long run the business units behind its investments will grow and prosper with the development of the country, and that it is safer to buy the seasoned securities of basic industries and lay them away than to shift investments with temporary fluctuations in business activity. This type is obviously better adapted to American than to European conditions, but it is far outnumbered in this country by the "management" trust, which is constantly changing its investments as yield and safety dictate.

Perhaps the most striking divergence from the British practices which American investment trusts have as yet shown is a tendency to substitute specialization for wide diversification of investments. It is claimed that broad diversification tends to deprive a trust of the full benefit of good management. If the investments are spread over several hundred issues, the company's prosperity will depend on the general course of the stock market, whereas, if its holdings are limited to fewer shares in large blocks, competent managers will be able to skim off the cream which the market may supply from time to time. This argument rests on the assumption of a fairly continuous bull market, the only sort, by the way, which American investment trusts have known until recently. It is clear that if concentration of investments offers a greater opportunity for profit in a rising market, it may also bring the danger of greater losses when the market declines.



DIVIDEND DAY AT THE BANK

Reproduced from "A History of Financial Speculation" by R. H. Mottram (Little, Brown and Co.)

Another significant development in the United States is the rise of an important group of corporations created for the special purpose of furnishing investment, financial or management service to the rapidly multiplying investment trusts. They supply these services for an agreed consideration and not infrequently, to establish a closer connection with their client concerns, they acquire a large equity interest in them and thus become partners in the business. Some of the management companies also have an investment service of their own, and thus combine the functions of management with those of a holding company and an investment trust.

The classical type of trust in this country thus shades off gradually into financing, managing and holding companies. The existence of a twilight zone between the true form of trust and the financing or holding company complicates the problem of regulation. Before any regulative legislation can be effective there must be a clear definition of the organizations which will come within its scope. The description of investment trusts which has been given in this article, while indicating the fundamental characteristics of these organizations, will not suffice for legal purposes. It leaves too many loopholes for an evasion of the law by some slight change in the structure or function of the concern. So far there has been little progress toward an agreement on a legal definition. The definitions which are not too simple usually go to the other extreme and are so involved that none but their authors can be sure of the meaning.

This raises the question whether regulation is really desirable. The Investment Bankers' Association at its recent meeting in Quebec went on record as opposed to public regulation, and cited the requirements of the New York Stock Exchange for listing the shares of investment trusts as affording adequate protection to the public. The weak point in this argument is that less than a dozen investment-trust issues have as yet been admitted to trading on the New York Stock Exchange, and there are nearly 200 others.

The chief purpose of regulation is to obtain a greater degree of publicity concerning the trusts' holdings and earnings for the benefit of the investing public. Some trusts already supply this information voluntarily. The New York Stock Exchange also requires the listed investment trusts to make regular reports of their holdings. Concerns like these probably have little need of regulation, but there are others which maintain complete secrecy with regard to their investments. They may be as strong and conservative as the best of our banks, and some undoubtedly are, or they may be little more than "blind pools" for speculative operations. Enforced publicity seems to be the only way to distinguish between the two sorts.

The reasons for the regulation of

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Enter Phineas P. Quimby

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

In the middle of the last century Phineas Parkhurst Quimby was treating mortal ailments by the method now widely known as mental or suggestive therapy. He was an important influence in the life of Mary Baker Eddy, though in later years that fact was the subject of much controversy. In the preceding instalment of "According to the Flesh" she is seen imploring him to "visit me at once." In the present instalment she appears as his disciple and champion

PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY enters the narrative importantly, for the simple reason that he entered very importantly into the life of Mary Baker Eddy. He might be said to be the only important character in this book besides herself. Surely more important than her family, any of her husbands, or her son.

Born in 1802, the son of a blacksmith, and one of seven children, "Park" Quimby had but six weeks of actual schooling before he set to work to add his bit to the family income. The Quimby home was in Belfast, Maine, and it remained his home until his death at the age of sixty-two. As a boy he was apprenticed to a clockmaker of Belfast, and became an adept at his trade. "Quimby clocks" still tick steadily away on New England mantels. His mechanical skill led him to various inventions, among them a band-saw much like those now in use, and he became later one of the first makers of daguerreotypes.

In the thirties, mesmerism was introduced into America by Charles Poyen, a disciple of Mesmer. A few years later, a Dr. Collyer lectured throughout New England and gave exhibitions of mesmerism. He came to Belfast, and near the end of his performance, he announced that some one in the audience had been mentally interfering with his demonstrations. He requested the person to remain afterward as he wished to talk with him. "Park" Quimby was the man who stayed. He had apparently, working from some hypothesis which leaped to his mind, succeeded in interfering with the works. This was the beginning of his interest in mesmerism.

He went about it in the same way in which he went about his mechanical inventions, testing, experimenting, discarding, accepting only those things which worked. Theory followed the fact.

In the forties, Quimby had become a well known mesmerist, and for several years he traveled about New England giving exhibitions and accomplishing feats which have probably never been excelled. A young man named Lucius Burkmar acted as the professional subject for these public exhibitions. In the mesmeric sleep induced by Quimby, Burkmar exhibited remarkable clairvoyant powers, describing places, persons, and incidents at a distance and unknown to him. Newspapers ran long articles in which the writers speculated upon the marvels performed by Quimby and Lucius, upon the explanations put forth by Quimby, and upon the personality of Quimby himself. Physicians, especially, were interested, and gave Quimby letters of introduction to their professional confreres in other towns. Dr. Albert T. Wheelock of Belfast writes to Dr. Jacob Bigelow of another city under date of November 10, 1843, describing an operation for the removal of a polypus from the nose, while the patient was in "a state of apparent natural sleep" induced by Quimby. Dr. Wheelock performed the operation "in the presence of several noted citizens who were called in at their request." He says that the "breathing and pulse were natural, color of countenance unchanged," and that he is "confident that she took no drug to induce stupor. . . . I was operating perhaps 4 or 5 minutes at least. During the whole time she evinced not the slightest symptom of pain. . . . I felt convinced that I could have amputated her arm." The letter is in detail and gives the patient's symptoms and condition with that professional accuracy which one physician employs in writing to another. *The Boston Medical & Surgical Journal* for May, 1844, published Dr. Wheelock's report of this operation.

A journal kept by Lucius Burkmar, and Quimby's lecture notes of the period and later writings in reference to this time, give the story of his progressive conclusions drawn from the "mesmeric experiences."

These writings give us Quimby the inventor, the watch and clockmaker, accustomed to making wheels and springs, every infinitesimal part of which must adjust itself to its fellows in order to tell the time. The reports of his mesmeric experiences are fascinating reading, so readily did the honest forthright mind of this New Englander discard a premise the moment his experience proved it unsound. Bound to no theory, and working alone, Quimby reached conclusions as to the suggestibility of the human mind some ten years prior to the announcement of the same conclusions by Liebault who preceded and founded the Nancy School. He not only reached them and put them into practice, but he went further along the broad highway of modern psychology than any man of his day.

He had not set out to become a "healer." His interest seems to have been entirely in the mesmeric phenomena, and it was apparently quite by chance that the experience turned him toward the curing of disease.

Medicine and wonder-working being always closely allied to the simple-minded, (among whom we may include all the inhabitants of the world) the sick and ailing soon flocked to Quimby's lectures, and in the mesmeric trance, Burkmar often "saw into the patient's bodies," diagnosed their diseases, described their symptoms, and sometimes recommended remedies.

The cures that followed upon these demonstrations gave Quimby the laboratory cases with which he made his first deductions as to the healing power of the mind. Up to this time, Quimby had accepted the prevailing medical theories. Yet here was Burkmar who knew nothing of medicine, the patients who knew even less, and Burkmar's simple prescriptions cured these patients of illnesses of long standing that had baffled the physicians. It became then obvious that the cure depended not upon the nature of the remedy, but followed upon any prescription Lucius might give. The patients' confidence having been established, the cure ensued.

During all this time Quimby, by the

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process of elimination, of trial and error,—was building for himself the body of his final theory. Various experiments proved to his satisfaction that ideas are as real as material objects. For example, when he handed Lucius a six-inch rule and pictured it in his own mind as a twelve-inch rule, Lucius proceeded to count out the twelve inches, as if it were actually a twelve-inch rule. Again, he "mentally created" a tiger and mentally transmitted the idea to Lucius who immediately exhibited fear of the tiger. Quimby then thought of trying to dissipate Lucius's fear by telling him that the beast was merely imaginary. But this assurance had no effect. Lucius was "unable to draw upon his own reason or entertain an explanation of the experiment," until he was awakened from the mesmeric trance. This seemed clearly to establish that the idea had "taken form." And now Quimby discovered that Lucius could not see an abstract or general principle. "I found that if I thought of principles, he had no way of describing them, for there was nothing to see; but if I thought of anything that had form, I could make him see it."

Progressing further, he discovered that he influenced Lucius either in or out of the mesmeric state, and often without his knowledge or intent. "I found that my ignorance would produce phenomena in my subject that my own wisdom could not correct. . . . I found that my own thoughts were one thing and my belief another. *If I really believed in anything, the effect would follow whether I was thinking of it or not.*"

Quimby's audiences also furnished him laboratory material. He saw that the interpretations put upon all of his experiments with Lucius varied with the theory or "belief" of the spectator; that each member of the audience would prove to his own satisfaction that the exhibitions sustained his particular theory. It was clear, then, that all theories, including those he had himself successively held and abandoned, were false. He had, in short, come to see that man is the creature of his own suggestibility, and that human knowledge is but the aggregation of "opinions" or "beliefs," imposed upon him by his own conditioning, and accepted by him as true.

He now took his stand squarely against opinions and beliefs.

"Human misery universally arises from some error that man admits as true. We confound our fears with the idea feared, and place the evil in the things seen or believed. Here is a great error, for we never see what we are afraid of."

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PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

In 1847 Quimby had dismissed Lucius and given up his mesmeric exhibitions and experiments. He now gave all his time to experiments in direct healing. He had discovered and developed within himself the power of seeing "clairvoyantly" or intuitively the conditions of his patients' "beliefs" or sicknesses; it needed, however, no mesmeric trance for him to see clairvoyantly. He was at all times in a normal state of mind and body. His patients were, however, "self-mesmerized" or in a state of auto-hypnosis concerning their illnesses. It was from this state that he sought to *wake them,* by proving to them that the disease was but the embodiment or form given to their "opinions" or beliefs. If he could by explanation, argument and demonstration, convince them of this truth, he could persuade them to abandon the belief from which they were suffering.

It is apparent that Quimby did attain a degree or quality of intuitive perception and detachment beyond the attainment of ordinary men. It was neither accidental, sporadic, nor dependent upon external conditions. He held that mind is a subtle or spiritual form of matter. It manifests itself in grosser forms of matter. Mind contains no intelligence of itself and can be molded by the opinions and fears which cause man's misery.

The "natural man" identifies his senses with matter, "opinion" or "error," and so creates what he termed "the false identity." There is an abiding principle in man which gives him a permanent identity. This abiding self Quimby called the "real man," "the scientific man," identified with "Truth" or what Quimby came to call "Wisdom," which is Intelligence, Substance, God, Principle. The science which is attached to Principle is the one true science. The problems of sickness, error, and false beliefs are to be solved by this principle, in the same way that mathematical problems are solved by the principle of mathematics. If the problem is not solved, the fault is in the solver, not in the principle.

In 1859, twelve years after he had discarded mesmerism, his practice had become so large that he opened his offices in Portland. Here his son became his secretary and "scribe," and the Misses Ware, daughters of Judge Ashur Ware of the U. S. Admiralty Court, copied Quimby's hurriedly penned notes of conversations, case histories, extensive articles and explanations, etc. So it is of this later period that we have the most definite record. Of the interval between these two periods Quimby wrote in 1861: "I have sat with more than three hundred individuals every year for ten years, and during the last five, with five hundred yearly."

A sufficient number of Quimby's manuscripts and letters to and from pa-

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tients written during the intermediate period, 1847-1859, remain to give us an idea of his progression after the mesmeric period. These early writings are included in *The Quimby Manuscripts*, edited by H. W. Dresser, son of Julius Dresser, patient and student and later practitioner of the Quimby method. The bulk of his manuscripts were, however written during the Portland period, when the Misses Ware offered to copy them and keep them in order so that they might not be lost. These manuscripts are now in the possession of the Quimby family.

He wrote many articles for inclusion in a proposed volume. In a tentative introduction for a book he wrote:

". . . . All my writings are the effect of impressions made on me while sitting with the sick, so that my book is of the lives and sufferings of my patients, their trials and sorrows, and my arguments are in their behalf. . . .

"For instance, one is full of religious ideas and becomes almost insane, and some are entirely so. This excites me, and my thoughts run upon religion. Another will be almost insane upon spiritualism; then I have to battle that, or show the absurdity of that belief. Some are excited upon Millerism, and believe the world is coming to an end. This brings up arguments to refute their belief. Some upon witchcraft. Now their minds are continually dwelling on all these subjects and on the Bible. So to cure I have to show by the Bible that they have been made to believe a false construction. My arguments change their minds and the cure comes. This is my excuse for what I have said upon the Scriptures.

". . . . But all mankind must be reached by parables. All my illustrations are called out by the case I have to treat."

This adjustment of his explanations to the temperament and receptivity of his patients is one of the strongest characteristics of Quimby's writings. Taken as a whole, and with his letters to individual patients, there is evoked an almost visible and touchable man. Quimby was possessed of a passion to communicate. He used therefore any homely analogy or parable that sprang to his mind. If it was not clear, he thought of another, and still another. He must be understood.

He carried on a voluminous correspondence with all sorts of people. Replying to a letter from a clergyman he wrote under date of Oct. 28, 1860:

". . . . You ask if my practice belongs to any known science. My answer is, No, it belongs to a Wisdom that is above man as man. . . . It was taught eighteen hundred years ago, and has never had a place in the heart of man since, but is in the world, and the world knows it not."

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MARY BAKER EDDY

In 1864, during the time she was being treated by Dr. Quimby

In reply to a young physician in Sept. 1860, Quimby contrasts the medical diagnosis with his own.

"If you see a man going towards the water, he is going in swimming; but, if he is running, with his hat and coat off, he is either going to drown himself or some one is drowning, and so on. This is the old way. Mine is this: If I see a person, I know it, and if I feel the cold, I know it; but to see a person going towards the water is no sign that I know what he is going to do.

In September 1861 Quimby wrote:

"I have been trying all my life, ever since I was old enough to listen, to understand the religious beliefs of the world, and see if people understood what they profess to believe. After some fifty years of observation I have come to the conclusion that ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are listeners to some one telling a story, like the 'Arabian Nights' in marvellousness; and they get excited like a mesmerized person, till they really create the scene in their own minds, and will suffer rather than abandon their belief. . . .

"I know I was as free from superstition as almost any one; yet I was full enough of it, and all the while I was not aware that I had a belief of any kind. For the last twenty years I have been ridding myself of old superstitions, and am now better prepared to see it in others. . . . Religion in its various forms embraces many of these causes. Some cases have been occasioned by the idea that they had committed the unpardonable sin. When asked what it was, no two persons ever answered alike."

That man is tortured and victimized by his beliefs, that he must free himself from the prison of his own suggestibility in order to understand his own nature, that he must distinguish between the natural and the spiritual man,—all run equally importantly in the Quimby ideology.

During all of his practice Quimby gave "absent treatments," and many of the letters from patients report that upon Quimby's receipt of their letter to him, as nearly as the time could be estimated, they felt a distinct improvement. In his office he usually added to his treatment (both audible and mental) a few moments of what came to be called "manipulation."

"He sometimes, in cases of lameness and sprains, manipulated the limbs of the patient, and often rubbed the head with his hands, wetting them with water. He said it was so hard for the patient to believe that his mere talk with him produced the cure, that he did this rubbing simply that the patient would

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have more confidence in him; but he always insisted that he possessed no 'power' nor healing properties different from any one else, and that his manipulations conferred no beneficial effect upon the patient, although it was often the case that the patient himself thought they did."

In February 1862, Quimby wrote out answers to fifteen questions put to him by one of his patients. Copies of this manuscript were often lent to new patients who sometimes copied it for their own use.

In October of 1862, Mrs. Patterson arrived in Portland. She was a shadow of her former self, wasted and thin, and so weak that she had to be assisted up the stairs to Quimby's rooms in the International Hotel.

The treatments began on the day of her arrival, and continued during her stay in Portland, which at that time lasted for several weeks. The effect of these treatments upon her health and upon her state of mind she set forth in a communication which appeared in the Portland *Courier* of November 7 of that year, less than a month after her arrival, and in which she begins,—

"When our Shakespeare decided that 'There were more things in this world than were dreamed of in your philosophy,' I cannot say of a verity that he had a foreknowledge of P. P. Quimby. . . ." and continues with a long, glowing paragraph in the same manner before she comes to her story.

"Three weeks since I quitted my nurse and sick-room *en route* for Portland. The belief of my recovery had died out of the hearts of those who were most anxious for it. With this mental and physical depression I first visited P. P. Quimby; and in less than one week from that time I ascended by a stairway of one hundred and eighty-two steps to the dome of the City Hall, and am improving *ad infinitum*. To the most subtle reasoning, such a proof coupled too, as it is with numberless similar ones, demonstrates his power to heal. Now for a brief analysis of this power.

"Is it spiritualism? Listen to the words of wisdom." (She dismisses spiritualism in a paragraph.)

"Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick? Let us examine. I have employed electro-magnetism and animal magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief, from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system or by a diffusion of concentrated action. But in no instance did I get rid of a return of all

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MISS ANNA MARY JARVIS

One of the first upon whom Mrs. Eddy practised the Quimby system of healing

my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator believed in disease, independent of the mind; hence I could not be wiser than my master. But now I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action; and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration, becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him (although he may be wholly unconscious thereof); and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease. At present I am too much in error to elucidate the truth, and can touch only the keynote for the master hand to wake the harmony. May it be in essays, instead of notes! say I. After all, this is a very spiritual doctrine; but the eternal years of God are with it, and it must stand firm as the rock of ages. And to many a poor sufferer may it be found, as by me, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land'."

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THE CHILDREN OF PHINEAS P. QUIMBY

From a daguerreotype made by Quimby himself

Free at last of her long suffering, Mrs. Patterson became one of Quimby's staunchest champions. She took her place in the enthusiastic group surrounding Quimby, who had become his friends and, in a manner, his students, since he constantly talked of his method, expounded his theories, emerging from his private office after a consultation to discuss any new details or ideas which had grown out of the last experience. Julius Dresser had lent to Mrs. Patterson a copy of Quimby's manuscript known as Vol. I, in which was developed much of his interpretation of Jesus (the natural man) and "Christ" (the Truth or Science which the prophets foretold.) Mrs. Patterson now had her own copy of the "Questions and Answers" manuscript, and it remained one of her most cherished possessions for many years.

George Quimby and others of the group have said that Quimby was much pleased by the enthusiasm and quick intelligence of Mrs. Patterson; that he often remarked upon how quickly she caught the drift of his ideas. Her gratitude and devotion were unbounded, and after her first letter to the *Courier* had been criticized in the *Portland Advertiser* of the following day, she replied promptly with a second letter in the *Courier*.

"Noticing a paragraph in the *Advertiser*, commenting upon some sentences of mine clipped from the *Courier*, relative to the science of P. P. Quimby, concluding, 'What next?' we would reply in due deference to the courtesy with which they define their position. P. P. Quimby

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The Trend of Events

Armistice Day Address

WHETHER naval armaments will be reduced below any point so far seriously suggested seems to depend on France and Italy. Britain now asks for 339,000 tons of cruisers; the United States, to keep step, asks for 315,000 tons. Should France and Italy advocate unexpectedly large reductions, Britain might go below that tonnage for cruisers and make proportionate cuts in other classes. In that case, President Hoover's Armistice Day address says in effect, America would follow closely after. "We will reduce our naval strength in proportion to any other," the President declared. "Having said that, it only remains for the others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us."

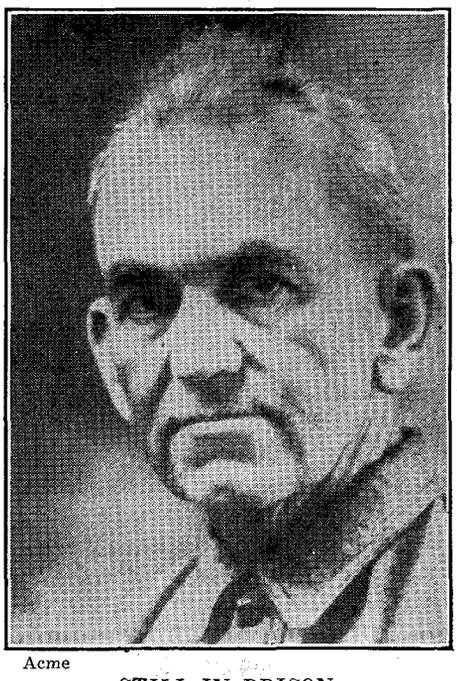
Overshadowing even this high point of the address is the President's suggestion that food ships, put on a level with hospital ships, be free from interference in time of war. "The time has come," he says, "when we should remove starvation of women and children from the weapons of warfare." In many countries, he points out, industrial growth has created populations which must import their food supplies. This makes nations eating the food and nations producing it increase their armaments, the former to protect imports, the latter to safeguard exports. Let food be shipped freely in wartime, and it "would greatly tend toward lessening the pressure for naval strength." Furthermore, let food shipments—constituting a fourth of the world's commerce in peacetime, and more in wartime—be made without interference, and to that extent the freedom of the seas problem would be solved.

Just such an industrial nation as the President describes, England, having most of her meals sent in, might ultimately agree to recede thus far from her insistence on the right to interfere with neutral commerce capable of aiding the enemy. Like the United States, which has championed the neutral's right to trade without interference from belligerents, she might have more to gain than to lose by it. France, however, hopes that in case of war with Britain her submarines would empty the foreign-fed British workman's dinner pail. Agreeing not to molest food ships, she would cut off half her fist.

"No idea can be perfected except upon the anvil of debate," the President says. The anvil may ring with a will, and the sparks may fly with a vengeance, when his suggestion is debated in France.

Early to Bed

POSSIBLY THE NEW RULES by which New York débutantes arrive at dinner parties on time and stop dancing at 3 o'clock indicate that the flapper, having tucked up her hair and let down her skirts, has abandoned free-and-easy ways and wants to be ladylike. Possibly she wishes to get to bed early so as to be bright-eyed for the next party. Possibly she is eager to spend more time out of doors and get old-fashioned roses in her cheeks. All these things are possible. What is dead certain, however, and no nonsense about it, is that society is a practical affair.



Acme

STILL IN PRISON

Tom Mooney, who is serving a life term at San Quentin

The débutante goes through her strenuous round of engagements not merely because she likes parties but because she wants to meet eligible men. If she does not insist upon meeting them, her mother insists for her. Eligible men, obviously, are not college undergraduates who can dance until sunrise and cut classes the next day to make up for it. They are business men who frankly and not unnaturally crave to dine at regular hours, and who may be found at their desks at nine o'clock in the morning. The result, society mothers realistically point out, has been that their daughters spent most of their time dancing with college boys—nice boys, to be sure, and well enough for sub-débutante days, but as matrimonial prospects not fundamentally sound.

Now that society has been made safe and sane again for business men, mothers may breathe more easily. A few more rules, and they may cease to worry altogether. One such rule would compel débutantes to prefer the company of business men to that of undergraduates. Another would require them to prefer, above all, those business men who bought hefty blocks of General Motors when General Motors was 'way down there.

The Mooney Affair

NOT SINCE JULY 22, 1916, when an exploding bomb killed ten spectators of a Preparedness Parade in San Francisco has the Mooney-Billings case been fully closed. It cracked wide open, however, with the recent news that responsibility for the bombing had been assumed by Lewis Smith, of Cleveland. Smith's sister, her son, and a friend of Smith all declare that on his death-bed six years ago Smith confessed that he had planted the bomb and that Mooney had nothing to do with it. Even by itself the story demanded the investigation promised by San Francisco police.

Taken in connection with other circumstances it aroused far greater interest than is usually evoked by stories of old confessions to older crimes. The fact is, the case against Mooney is so feeble, the case for him so strong, that practically all of the jurors at his trial are now convinced that he is innocent. So are the police officials who investigated the bombing. So is the presiding judge. Facts brought out after the conclusion of the trial which resulted in Mooney's death sentence—later commuted to life imprisonment—

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so completely destroyed Judge Griffin's early conviction of the defendant's guilt that he himself sought a reversal of his decision denying Mooney a new trial, and, later, requested the Governor to issue a full pardon.

Seemingly conclusive evidence placed Mooney more than a mile away from the fatal scene at the time of the bombing. Evidence equally strong indicated that he could not have planted the explosive where and when the prosecution declared he planted it. Unanswerable evidence discredited Oxman, the prosecution's pivotal witness. The commission appointed by President Wilson found that "the utilities against which Mooney directed his agitation . . . . undoubtedly sought to get him" and that, "when Oxman was discredited, the verdict against Mooney was discredited."

Mooney has stoutly refused to be paroled, arguing that to do otherwise would be to admit guilt. California Governors have consistently declined to grant him a full pardon. Mooney's fate will probably determine the fate of Billings, convicted on testimony which has since been shown to be largely a tissue of admitted lies.

Little remains to round off the case for Mooney save to pin the guilt indisputably on some one else. It is for this reason that the purported confession of Smith was eagerly noted by students of the Mooney-Billings affair, most of whom are convinced that California has been guilty of gross injustice.

▸▸*High Lights of Nov. 5*

ONE SMALL FLY nestled in the Tammany ointment on November 5. Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for Mayor, received 175,000 votes, more than four times as many as in 1925. When a protest vote, plus the normal Socialist showing, is no larger than this, however, Tammany spends few sleepless nights. Besides, everything else was rosy. Mayor Walker, defeating Candidate La Guardia by 500,000, watched his cup of satisfaction fill up and run over. His city emphatically approved his leadership and that of John F. Curry, head of Tammany Hall, whom the Mayor had promised to follow if re-elected. The vote plunges hopes for the "new" Tammany further into the trough and seats two champions of the old order, Walker and Curry, squarely on the crest. A fact about which it would be interesting to learn the secret thoughts of former-Governor Smith, who opposed Mr. Curry's election to his present position, and who never quite dislodged tongue from cheek when endorsing Mayor Walker.

It would likewise be interesting to read the Governor's thoughts regarding the Democratic victory in Virginia.

Wide World

GENTLEMAN JIMMIE

Re-elected Mayor of New York with half-million plurality

Probably we shall never know how much Bishop Cannon's ventures into the stock market or the presence of Mrs. Oscar De Priest at that White House tea contributed to the whopping majority of Dr. Pollard, regular Democratic nominee for Governor. Several interpretations of the outcome may, however, be made with confidence. Defeating Dr. Brown, Republican and anti-Smith candidate, Virginia proves that she is not to be swung at will by Bishop Cannon. His effort to make dominant issues of Raskobism, prohibition, and anti-Catholicism ended in failure. Virginia could not forget that Candidate Pollard was both an orthodox dry and a Protestant.

Re-entering the Democratic ranks, the State hints that, at least, she will stay there until the Democratic candidate is again a Catholic and a wet. So doing, she also hints that North Carolina, Florida, and Texas may do likewise. The South is apparently to be re-solidified. It is this thought that will stand uppermost in the minds of Republican and Democratic politicians. To those who are not politically minded the most noteworthy fact may be that Bishop Cannon has been sharply repudiated.

▸▸*Plea for Ceremony*

WHILE SEVERAL AMERICAN CITIES were discussing their newly-elected or re-elected Mayors in terms of traffic problems, sewer graft, crime, and the status of the speakeasy, preparations were completed for the installation of the new Lord Mayor of London.

They order these things in genuine, bang-up fashion in London. Of course, they have been practicing ever since the bells pealed out for Dick Whittington, or perhaps before, so they ought to know how. At any rate, as all the city's steeples clamored in unison, Sir William Waterlow, the new Lord Mayor, rode from Guild Hall to the Law Courts in the historic gilded coach drawn by six white horses. Trumpeters in scarlet and gold cloth preceded him; a mace bearer and sword bearer rode alongside. Following the state coach came giant effigies of the city's legendary heroes, Gog and Magog. There were fifteen bands, detachments of soldiers and sailors, historical and peace tableaux, and a lot more besides. Nor does the ceremonial stop with installation. London's Mayor often rides through the streets, not in a gilded coach, but in a trim little black one, drawn by spanking horses and preceded by liveried and mounted heralds.

The routine of our own Mayors plainly needs some such ritual. Americans love pageantry; indeed, the increasing splendor of apartment-house doormen, hotel pages, movie ushers,

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Wide World

VIRGINIA'S CHOICE

John Garland Pollard an easy winner in Old Dominion

and lodge parades indicates that we have a well-developed complex on the subject. What a welcome diversion to have church bells and siren whistles suddenly clang out in drab city streets. Imagine traffic stopping dead. On smartly-stepping horses comes an advance guard of policemen, caparisoned to the eyebrows. Then the Mayor. A gilded coach drawn by a dozen horses, and, at the window, acknowledging the cheers of the populace—well, at the window the kind of Mayor who could carry it off. American cities would have to elect Mayors with aristocratic profiles, who would grace elaborate ceremonials, who could step from the gilded coach without looking as though they would feel more at home in a pumpkin. They would have to elect gentlemen. Does any one object?

▸▸*Still No-Noing*

"No, no," says Leopold Stokowski, talented and theatrical conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. "No, no." And once again, "No, no." His audiences are not to applaud him; he finds the mediaeval custom of clapping the hands together both meaningless and disturbing. A few weeks ago, when Stokowski reproved his audiences for hissing, we asked why, if he gave weight to expressions of approval, he should not give similar weight to expressions of disapproval. The answer is that he gives expressions of approval no weight whatever. From now on, apparently, his audiences are to express nothing at all.

They occupy, these people, a somewhat peculiar status. They may not hiss, stamp, or applaud. They certainly may not cough, whisper, or rustle their programs. If they arrive a few moments late, they may not enter until intermission. They may not snicker when Stokowski, darkening the hall, lights a single amber lamp above his handsome head. They may not leave before the end of the program.

What may they do, then? To be sure, they may still form a line at the box office and purchase tickets at the regular price. They may listen to Stokowski's music and disregard his speeches. And, more power to them, they seem to be doing so. It was pleasant to note that at the end of Mr. Stokowski's outburst against applause his audience gave him a hearty round of applause.

▸▸*Telling on His Host*

It is plain from its action in the Bingham case that the Senate condemns conduct violating Senatorial ethics. It is plain from its inaction in the Brookhart case that it does not condemn conduct violating the ethics of gentlemen. Yet if Senator Bingham's conduct "tends to bring the Senate into dishonor and disrepute," what shall be said of Senator Brookhart's?

Not even nomination as charter member of the Great American Polecat Club prevented Iowa's pride from tattling of Mr. Fahy's dinner, given in 1926 for newly elected and re-elected Republican Senators. Zestfully, he described how he threw the invitation into the waste basket. Then, told that Mr. Fahy was a friend of Senator Norris and of the late Senator La Follette, he decided to attend after all. Arriving at the hotel, whom should he meet but Otto Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.? Numbed, perhaps, by this encounter with one of "these Wall Streeters," he allowed himself to be seated between Mr. Kahn and E. E. Loomis—"of the Morgan Company," he explains, with hearty disregard for the fact that Mr. Loomis is President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

When both neighbors disagreed with him on the subject of railroad valuation, Mr. Brookhart was hardly surprised. He had been prepared for the worst in the reception room, where some one, lifting a curtain, had revealed "a rack of beautiful silver hip flasks," presents for the guests. Seated close enough to touch Mr. Brookhart's robes of righteousness, Mr. Loomis poured something out of his flask and then poured in some water, "and a lot of similar operations went

Keystone

HOW TO HERALD A MAYOR

Trumpeters preceding the coach of the Lord Mayor of London

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along down around the table."

That is what happened at the famous Fahy dinner. No man, Senator Brookhart concluded, can invite him to a function "where crime is in evidence" and expect him to hold his tongue. Judge Kenyon of the Hoover Law Enforcement Commission, who congratulated the Senator on his address, might have reminded him that there is no law against drinking, might have asked what crime he was talking about. A fellow dry and Iowan, the Judge doubtless refrained. No doubt he also refrained from asking why, if Senator Brookhart felt duty bound to tell these details, he kept them to himself for three years.

▶▶Labor in Parliament

With Premier MacDonald's return to Great Britain, debate in Parliament began in earnest. As had been expected, the Labor Government shone brighter in discussions of foreign than of domestic affairs. The proposals of J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, to relieve unemployment drew criticism from Conservatives, sarcasm from Liberals, jeers from Left-wing Laborites. Although the unemployed in Britain number more than a million, Mr. Thomas could promise a year's work for only about 150,000 men when and if his program gets going full blast. Partisan jibes were plentiful; yet none could deny that the permanent cure of unemployment lies not in making jobs by countless public works but in reviving British trade. The vote authorizing Mr. Thomas to continue his efforts to that end showed Parliament at least mildly hopeful.

In foreign affairs Labor held trumps and played them well. The statement of Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, that the ultimate goal of the Government was to give India dominion status had a soothing effect in Bombay, though it stirred apprehensions among Tories in the House of Lords. An ominous debate threatened but petered out when statements by members of former Governments were published declaring a similar policy.

Even more striking was Labor's victory in the House of Commons on recognition of Russia. Its confessed failure to impose on the Soviet terms which it had promised would be conditions of recognition offered a point of attack which the Opposition pressed hard. Yet when the time came to vote, a majority, including Conservatives and Liberals as well as Laborites, accepted Foreign Minister Henderson's explanation that the chief end had been gained by securing Russia's promise to shut off propaganda. Assured that other matters, including debts, will be adjusted when diplomatic relations with Russia are resumed, the Commons responded with a vote of confidence.

The hour of triumph struck, however, when Premier MacDonald rose in

Underwood

SMELLS AND TELLS

Senator Smith W. Brookhart reports on the Fahy dinner of 1926

Commons to report on his visit to America. Although he disclosed that he and President Hoover had discussed freedom of the seas and the removal of Britain's fortified bases in the Western Hemisphere, as well as disarmament, he revealed little that was not already known. That his speech none the less fell gratefully on British ears was demonstrated when Stanley Baldwin for the Conservatives and Lloyd George for the Liberals unqualifiedly approved the results of his journey. In improving Anglo-American relations Labor has achieved virtually unblemished success.

▶▶Modernism at Home

New York's Museum of Modern Art, long needed and eagerly anticipated, is now an accomplished fact. Eventually to have a permanent building housing the best art of the present—supplementing the Metropolitan Museum, which is dedicated to the past—it starts on a relatively small scale. In its office-building galleries a series of loan collections will be presented during the next few years. The names of its sponsors, which include A. Conger Goodyear, Miss Lizzie Bliss, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Samuel Lewisohn, indicate that it will be financially untroubled; more, that it will be free from factionalism, and that its collections, both loan and permanent, will represent the best examples of the modernist school.

The first exhibition, containing nearly one hundred canvases by Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, and Van Gogh, is a collection such as few connoisseurs and fewer lay persons have been privileged to see. These four "old masters" of modernism are, strictly speaking, no longer radical, though, because they are untraditional, the extreme Right Wing of art critics still considers them so.

In opening with a sure-fire exhibit of well-recognized merit, free from sensationalism, the directors have been tactfully considerate of their divided public, seeking to convert rather than to startle. They explain their selection on the ground that the artists shown are "more the ancestors of modern American painting than any four American painters of the last century." Since this is true, and since they are ancestors of whom any painter might be proud, Academicians so far have indulged in only the mildest of sniffs.

The fireworks will come later. The new museum is bound by its very nature to exhibit revolutionary work. When this happens, and old-guard visitors giggle at distorted sculpture, at "splotch and daub" painting, at meaningless abstractions, and "exploding boiler factories," here is something to remember:

The National Academy of Design, Right Wing stronghold, recently set

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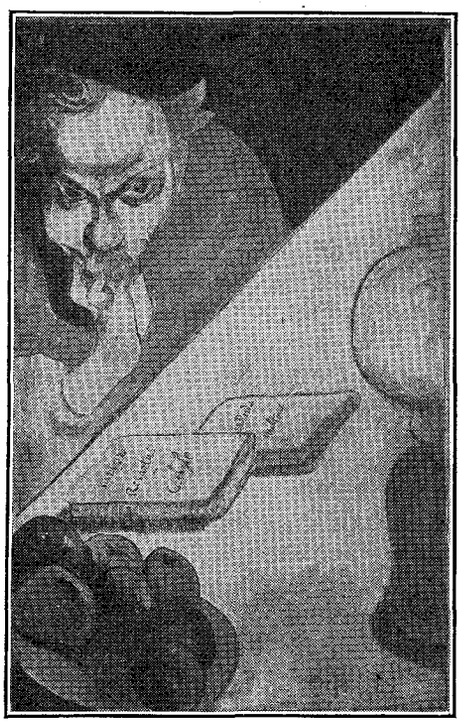


MEYER D'HAHN

Portrait by Paul Gauguin shown in Modern Art Museum

itself to awarding prizes in preparation for its Winter exhibition. A large, symbolic canvas by Edwin W. Dickinson, an elaborate design of intermingled human figures and draperies, was accepted by the jury of selection. After due examination by the jury of award, it was given second prize. When all was over, it was discovered that the painting, in this exhibition and in another last year, had been hanging on its side. No one had seen anything wrong; the Academicians thought it looked fine.

▸▸*Norris Will Run*

Two persons unconnected with politics prevented Senator Norris from leaving public life in 1924. Wearied and disillusioned, Norris sent a last-minute telegram to Nebraska declining to stand for re-election. Two of his admirers—his curly-haired girl secretary and a newspaper correspondent—saw that the message did not reach its destination. The Senator's name stayed on the ticket, and, though he made no campaign, he won in a walk.

Last year the Republican Norris supported the Democrat Smith. It hurt him that the State he had served so long as Governor, Representative, and Senator rejected his advice by voting for Hoover. Then again, Senate Progressives are stronger than ever before; Norris believed he could well be spared. Sincerely, no doubt—sincerity is one of his traits—he once more resolved to leave Washington behind him. Quite as sincerely, he has changed his mind again.

The Administration, he declares, has formed an alliance with the "Old Guard, standpat machine inside the State" and selected former-Governor McKelvie, lately appointed to the Farm Board by Mr. Hoover, as his opponent in 1930. The purpose, as Senator Norris sees it, is to discredit progressive principles of government by driving him out of public life, and to punish him for his independence in Congress and in the Presidential election. If he failed to accept this challenge, he says, he could be charged with political cowardice, with shirking "when the principles of a free and democratic government are at stake." As for his independence, if a Senator must bow to political bosses to remain in good standing, he pleads guilty to irregularity. He would "rather be right than regular."

Perhaps because of the strength of the Progressive Republican bloc, regular Republicans in the Senate have made no attempt to discipline Norris for his action last fall; he still enjoys his chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee. It seems unlikely that the Administration, attempting to eliminate him, will rush in where Senators fear to tread, particularly when La Follette, Borah, and other Progressives have promised to sing Norris's praises from the stump. Supporting McKelvie, the Administration might have to meet the full Progressive strength in open battle, thereby widening the split in the Republican party, and emphasizing the fact that, like the Democratic party, it is really divided into two geographical, antagonistic parts.

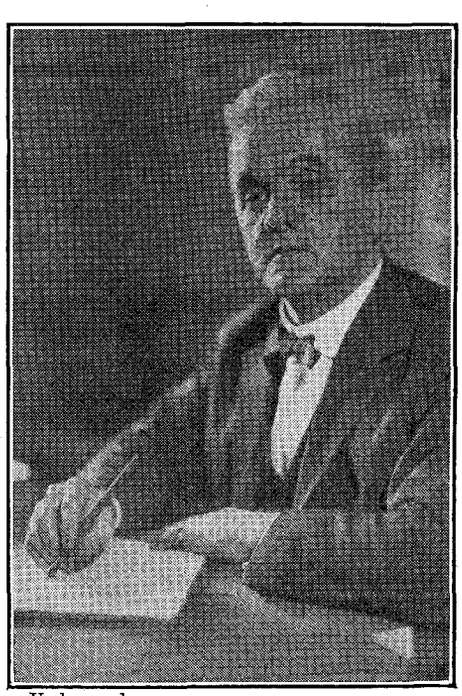
▸▸*Republicans at War*

Not that the split in the Republican party needs to be emphasized; it is quite obvious. Little love has been lost between regular and insurgent Republicans since the last Presidential election. During the past several weeks, the regulars have scaled off all pretenses. Soured to see their precious skyscraper tariff tumble under the Democratic-Progressive bombardment, they have revelled in an outburst of name-calling. The appellations stretch out like a list compiled by Rabelais.

It is said that the Progressives begin to weary of this, and, certainly, it is high time. Nothing remains for the regulars to do save to slap their faces with pies and tie clattering cans on their coat-tails. The insurgents are so many "pseudo-Republicans," said the arch-regular Senator Fess. "Hybrid Republicans," corrected Secretary of the Navy Adams, anxious to be precise. To the ever-grave Senator Smoot they are "obsessed with sectional and personal hatred" against the East and the Senators therefrom.

"Pigmies and narrow obstructionists"—so they seem to James Francis Burke, counsel to the Republican National Committee, if he is correctly quoted. To Senator Reed they are "worse than Communists." To his fellow Pennsylvanian, Joseph R. Grundy, chief Republican fund-raiser, they are a bore and a nuisance. Mr. Grundy is all for muzzling them. On such an insurgent State as Wisconsin his feelings boil to the danger mark. "What I think about Wisconsin," says Mr. Grundy, "I'd hate to tell you."

While the Progressives were flaming over these characterizations, and perhaps preparing to reply in kind, Senator Moses packed all the rancor of the regulars into a single five-word phrase. As chairman of his party's Senatorial Campaign Committee, Moses is charged with leading the fight for all Republican Senators, including Progressives,



Underwood

WILL RUN

Senator Norris of Nebraska to stand for renomination and re-election

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who may be nominated next year. What, then, does this man, occupying this position, think of the Western insurgents? Senator Moses not only thinks of them but publicly refers to them as "sons of the wild jackass."

Playlet Parties

HENRY FORD'S expertly press-agented birthday party for the incandescent light has, apparently, borne fruit. The playlet's the thing. Devotees of Americana will recall that in his original though rather commonplace laboratory, moved from Menlo Park to Dearborn and placed upon solemly-transported New Jersey clay, Thomas Edison lately re-enacted his most memorable invention. Such devotees could not have overlooked the story of a party given by Ray Long, editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine,* in honor of Edgar Wallace, the mystery-story writer, as reported by Harry Hansen in the New York *World.*

The guests assembled in the Metropolitan Club of New York. Two of them, both magazine editors, had a sharp disagreement. Their voices rose steadily higher. By the time all were seated, the altercation had developed into a violent quarrel. In vain the host tried to calm them. Suddenly the lights went out; there were sounds of vigorous scuffling and a heavy thud. When the lights came on, one of the antagonists lay motionless on the floor, smeared with blood; the other stood nonchalantly by, twirling a monocle. How ghastly! Who did it? How fortunate that Mr. Wallace, full-time criminal catcher, was on the spot. Then, as the dead man rose and wiped off the blood, Mr. Long presented the guests with copies of Wallace's latest mystery yarn. It was all in fun—see?

The Carolina Cases

ASSUMING THAT JURIES represent public sentiment more accurately than judges, one must also assume that North Carolina judges are far ahead of public sentiment. It was a jury in Charlotte which promptly found all seven Communists and labor organizers guilty on three counts. It was Judge Barnhill who consistently ruled in favor of the defendants and moved the trial from Gastonia when its hostility toward them became manifest. Judge Barnhill's generally liberal attitude should have softened condemnation of him for permitting the impeachment of a defense witness on the ground of admitted atheism.

Not even this one objection can be made against Judge Stack, who conducted the Concord trial of four men charged with flogging a Communist organizer. Judge Stack found the political and religious view of a Communist witness irrelevant. "Such evidence," he held, "is not even competent for the purposes of impeachment." Yet the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, apparently accepting the contention that the flogging was a frame-up.

It was the Gaston County Grand Jury which, though it had rushed to indict the Charlotte defendants, refused to indict anyone for the kidnapping in Gastonia preceding the flogging in Concord, or for the murder of Ella May Wiggins on a public thoroughfare in broad daylight. It was Judge McElroy who, sitting as a committing magistrate, issued bench warrants for sixteen persons in connection with this killing and bound over fourteen to the January term of the Gaston County Superior Court.

Credit for reopening the Wiggins case, however, must go primarily to Governor Gardner. This is especially noteworthy in view of the fact that, holding an elective office, Governor Gardner is directly dependent on public prejudices. It would have been easy for him to forget the case when a regularly constituted Grand Jury had gone through the motions of dispensing justice. That course would have aroused little censure outside the State; inside, it would have brought applause. Instead, he has chosen a way that is as hard as it is honorable, and as fair as it is politically dangerous. Whatever the guilt or innocence of those charged with the murder of this workingwoman, it would have been a crime against common sense if no one had even been tried for it.

Remarkable Remarks

When I first came to Washington I was invited to a couple of private dinners where liquor was served, but I was never invited a second time.—SENATOR SMITH W. BROOKHART.

While we are finishing the liquor traffic we are "treading where the saints have trod."—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

Most Christians are sanctified only in spots and not often in the most obvious spots.—REV. DR. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN.

A little morality is a dangerous thing.—REV. DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

I don't understand this market situation.—ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.

To have only one radio in your house is like having only one book in your library.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

It is quite true that if you cut out my brain, I might stop thinking. But you never can tell.—DR. WILL DURANT.

This country's most important contribution to the progress and happiness of the world is the quality of its husbands.—DOLORES DEL RIO.

Many a girl has married on the big game and lived to repent over the radio.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

God knows one Bernard Shaw in the world is quite enough.—BERNARD SHAW.

In Brief

GREAT BRITAIN, which fears submarine warfare, wholeheartedly promises to seek the abolition of the submarine; France, which has no use for battleships, wholeheartedly promises to seek the abolition of battleships. It takes a Government to play the Alphonse-Gaston rôle with a strictly practical twist. . . .When Senator Gillett presided in the other branch of Congress he frequently saw members "participating in the action of the House under the influence of liquor," and that, he says, "was entirely inappropriate." Or, if inappropriate is too strong a word, it was, at the very least, inelegant. . . . Suggestion to news-reel editors: Run an entire series of pictures without showing Premier Mussolini reviewing troops. . . Dr. Morgan, President-elect of the American Medical Association, finds the present style trend "regrettable," though "less suggestive to the masculine mind." Certainly not less suggestive, Doctor; possibly less outspoken . . . . "No man came from that furnace [the World War] a swashbuckling militarist," President Hoover declares. What quaint conceit impels orators in most civilized countries to keep repeating this idea which in most civilized countries is so plainly contrary to the facts?. . .John

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Coolidge suggests the following names for a new crack train to run between New York and Boston: the Silver Shaft, the Twilighter, the Dusky Flyer, the Evening Star, the Skipper, the Shadowtown Special, the Yankee Clipper, the Sea Gull, the Pioneer, the Ace, the Sea Flyer, the Sea Slipper, the Blackhawk, the Kingfleet. How about Ye Olde Five-Fifteene?

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE SORRY to note the seeming success of the efforts of reactionary Republicans, and even the Administration itself, to discredit the Progressives in the Senate. To our mind, the Hoover advocates of last fall who are now classed as "communists" and "sons of wild jackasses" and the cause of the present tariff deadlock, are rendering greater service than defeating a bad bill. They are, we think, hastening the day when political parties in the United States will be based on realities rather than rhetoric, and the campaign slogan will not be "to the victors belong the tariffs." It is our hope, at all events, that the present Senate performance is not simply a dumb show, and that out of it may come a decent sense of political values and a practical rather than a political mechanism for revising rates.

There are those who predict the present clash will result in a Progressive movement more formidable than that marshalled by Theodore Roosevelt, but we have even higher hopes. Had Roosevelt's movement succeeded, it might by now be suffering from sins common to the G. O. P. at the moment. What we look for is greater flexibility in the American political scheme, and an essential preliminary is the destruction of a few aged myths. To our mind the year 1929 may, as did 1829 to the Federalists, become one of abominations to the Republicans. Before its end the voters may have discovered that Republican rule, even though the world's ablest executive occupies the White House and "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" handles the finances, is not synonymous with prosperity, and that it is impotent to produce the good old-fashioned tariffs of the McKinley era. We suspect, indeed, that some of the moans in the wilderness falling from the lips of illustrious G. O. P. statesmen may be motivated by these same fears. Nobody, least of all such ponderous persons as Messrs. Reed, Moses and Bingham, likes to be revealed as ball bearings rather than *dei ex machina*.

Kirby in New York World

A son of the wild jackass about to interrupt an apostrophe

So we venture that when the present period of soreness and recrimination comes to an end, the me-too critics of the insurgents will realize, as in the Teapot Dome, the Harry K. Daugherty, and the tax publicity controversies—to cite a few—that the westerners had a great deal of right and common sense on their side. We do not think we exaggerate when we say that the Progressives can show a finer and more constructive record for the last decade, even when they stood in opposition, than their conservative colleagues from the East. Nor do we, like Moses and Reed, mean to be unparliamentary when we suggest that these gentlemen might well accept the rules of the game as played by the westerners. The insurgents at least know what they want.

In our opinion, and we find it to be general at the Capital, the conservatives are behaving like spoiled children, or say, strangely like southern Senators when they discovered that they could not impose their slavery ideas upon the Congress. In view of Joseph R. Grundy's revised map of the United States, in which William Edgar Borah would be no more than a spot west of the water tower and David Aiken Reed a powerful Commonwealth or two, we do not think the simile a strained one. For ourselves, we thought that the right of a majority to legislate without impugnment of their motives and mentality and maternity had been settled long ago.

If the tariff bill is beaten, it may, to some degree, be charged to the coalition of Democrats and Progressives. But the men who gave force to the coalitionists' blows were Moses with his intemperate outbursts and employment of Otto H. Kahn as a senatorial money-raiser; Reed and Grundy and their mutual demands for excessive rates for industries making tremendous profits; Bingham with his indiscretion that the Senate formally censured; and President Hoover with his failure to intervene on behalf of "limited revision" when the measure was in the making on the House side, where his control is almost absolute. Not since Taft's day have fate and foolishness conspired so effectively against the eastern wing of the Republican party.

We find that the President's one-night snub of Hiram Johnson has also contributed to what Mr. Hoover's advisers describe as a "mess." The President was well advised by those who urged him to make amends, since we recall that Charles Evans Hughes paid for a similar slight by losing the presidency, but we cannot understand why such excellent advice was not vouchsafed earlier. Our only explanation is that it was due to that lack of liaison in the presidential secretariat which we mentioned some time ago. We hear that the failure to invite Johnson was brought to the attention of George Akerson, the President's executive secretary, as soon as the guest list was made public. Since this warning was given at 3:30 in the afternoon—or five hours before the dinner—there was, it would seem, ample time for Mr. Akerson to take the six steps which separate his desk from Mr. Hoover's, and warn "the Chief" of the omission. That is, had "the Chief" wanted him to.

A. F. C.

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Right About Face

An Editorial by Henry Seidel Canby

THE tensest moment of strain between two generations did not come in the years succeeding the great War, as the view-with-alarmists would persuade us, but in periods of even swifter change, as, for example, when the speculations of the young Rabelais and his associates of the Renaissance frightened the University of Paris into forbidding study in that hotbed of radicalism and unrest, the Greek language. Divergences between father and son are like the contrasts of day and night; the earth rolls on and what was dark is light, and light, dark. In our excitement over inevitable change we often miss internal conflicts which are immediately significant.

Not so much what is happening between the generations as what is happening to a generation, may well startle the United States today. Schoolboys and the undergraduates are not more different from their parents than from themselves as you see them five or ten years later. For there is a radical discrepancy between the environment of ideas and purposes as they know it in the educational period, and the environment to which they are subject a few years later.

Our country presents the strange spectacle (not unique in history but never before so emphasized) of two social forces pulling against each other in violent though unequal opposition. Philanthropic, idealistic, and educational endeavors were probably never stronger, and certainly never so widespread anywhere. A considerable fraction of our total population gives all its time and energy to propaganda for what is believed to be the good life. Ideas and facts sufficient to build a dozen Utopias, political, social, and even economic, are gratis in our schools. The most careless youth comes out of the university aware of the meaning of civilization as an opportunity for a full life in which the needs of taste and the intellect, the natural desires for pleasure and success, and the satisfaction of service and achievement, are all to be gratified.

He comes out theoretically aware of what makes a good life, and is instantly caught in the swirl of the most competitive and single-minded culture in history. It is the pressure to produce, to keep up with expensive living, and to measure success entirely by income, that makes the first impress upon the faces of the youngest generation. Their education, generally speaking, has been idealistic to the point of sentimentality; their experience is of a society which is probably less interested in anything beyond the moment's necessity, more ruthless in subordinating emotional needs, and less interested in how to live while making a living than any society, at any time, anywhere.

The fraction of the total population which propagandizes, wisely or unwisely, for a good life, is but a tiny sector compared with the preponderance of those that insist upon, or at least believe in, immediate and material achievement. Furthermore, it is a suppressed fraction. It is, as the youth sees, not keeping up with the procession; it is suffering from economic insufficiency; it is weak in energy and initiative, as minorities are likely to be except at the moment when they are about to dominate the majority. The American youth steps from a weak world into a strong one, and is hurled from his feet before he has time to consider whether the strength is not self-defeating, the weakness weak only because it does not prevail.

Our colleges prepare the undergraduate for a rational, full-bodied life. The graduate finds himself—and herself—in the most competitive, most single-minded society in the history of man. Dr. Canby deals here with a situation that has a very real bearing on the future of the United States

Much of the unrest of those in their twenties and early thirties in the United States, it may be confidently said, is due to the violent discrepancy between their education and what came afterward. Whether that education has been "liberal" or "vocational" makes little difference. In either case, youth has been prepared for a rational life and finds itself in an irrational—for how else can the life of nineteen men and women out of twenty still youthful, especially in our cities, be described? It has no leisure, little plan, and less control. The exceptions are marvelled at.

This new version of cannon fodder, in which we feed the machine with youth, is particularly distressing in its early stages. There are thousands of young college graduates in New York trying to find some compromise between what they have been taught to want and what they are asked to do. Perhaps this improvident country can afford to waste the three or four years of shift and experiment which they throw away, but the effects of disillusionment and cynicism which follow are too high a price. The difference when education and the career are unified is shown by the energy and confidence in the Russian Communist party where, as an acute Chinese recently observed, the strength comes from the unity of two generations in their attempt to achieve a definite ideal. That ideal does not appeal to us, but the principle holds.

If this American civilization is organized for business first and all the time, as James Truslow Adams maintains in his just published book, then to be consistent we should overhaul our education, put it also on a business basis (as we have already put our athletics), eliminate all subversive reachings toward cultural attainment and spiritual satisfaction, restrict the pursuit of knowledge to those able to become specialists in production, narrow intellectual curiosity to the limits appropriate to the kind of life that interests us, and, in general concentrate upon doing, and chuck being into the waste basket. This will make a more productive society which, as long as it lasts, and it may last a long time, may very possibly be happier than the present distracted mixture.

But if there is to be any attempt to create a full-bodied, full-blooded, active-minded culture in the United States, in which living well is to count more than living fast, and the quality of experience is to be estimated as appreciatively as the quantity, then it is infinitely important that some regard be paid to the shipwreck of most of our educational ideals in the first ten years of extramural experience. For you cannot have it both ways—you cannot educate one way and live another without wreckage. And it is probably because the youngest generation feel they have been run into a labyrinth and must find their own way out that they seem hard, irreverent and a little cynical.

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Stresemann's Successor

By T. R. YBARRA

The present stability of the German Republic is largely the work of the "unprepossessing, thick-necked, red-faced" Gustav Stresemann. He achieved great things for his country, at home and abroad, and in dying bequeathed an enormous burden to his successor. All Germany, Mr. Ybarra finds, is looking for this as yet unknown leader

THERE IS a man in Germany today upon whom the thoughts of all Germans are concentrated. Unfortunately, nobody knows who he is.

That he exists there can be no doubt, for all here are talking about him. Yet none can give him shape or substance. Though present in every mind, he remains invisible; though he monopolizes thoughts and words, he remains intangible, formless, nebulous. "Stresemann's Successor!" That, so far, is the sum total of description and reality which any German can give him. Yet, concealed though he is from the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, he is, nevertheless, the most vividly alive German in all Germany today.

In all the flood of eulogy loosed by Stresemann's sudden death—an outpouring of praise unmixed with censure which can hardly find many parallels in history—no better summing-up of the basic quality of his mind was made than that of an Englishman who knew him well and said of him: "He seemed to stand on the ridge of time, from which he could see both the past and the future."

Into that phrase is distilled the quintessence of Gustav Stresemann. Only by remembering that remarkable quality of his is it possible to understand how he achieved what he did in the post-war European world; only by realizing the rarity of that quality and the fullness to which it grew in Stresemann can one appreciate the enormous difficulties confronting the man or men destined to succeed him in the task of pulling Germany upward on the road to rehabilitation.

Stresemann, in the War, was an Imperialist. He strutted with the Junkers. He demanded ruthless annexation of territory by a victorious Germany. After the War, with Wilhelm Hohenzollern a fugitive in Holland and the German Empire lying in ruins, Stresemann remained at heart a Monarchist. Even as late as five years after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, in a Germany surrounded by suspicious enemies ready to pounce at the slightest sign of a resuscitation of the old Hohenzollern Adam, this man who now seems destined to go down in history as Germany's arch-realist of the post-war era, still hoped to see the restoration of the German monarchy—I know this well because, when I was New York *Times* correspondent in Berlin in 1924, he gave me an interview in which he said so, without mincing words.

That a man holding such views at such a time should become the most clear-sighted of all post-war Germans, the strongest pillar of the struggling German Republic, seems at first sight a paradox. Yet, paradoxical though it may be, it explains to some extent Stresemann's success at the outset of his remarkable post-war career.

Keystone

GUSTAV STRESEMANN

His monarchistic past stood him in good stead when he was forced to battle in the Reichstag against monarchistic foes of the Republic; undoubtedly, more than once, it contributed toward turning votes in his favor which, had they gone against him, would have upset the Cabinet in which he held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs and seriously hampered the work of international conciliation upon which he was engaged.

This is something which Stresemann's successor would do well to bear in mind. If that successor should be a statesman with a sentimental affection for the old Germany he, too, may—if he plays his cards adroitly—find that affection an asset. If, on the other hand, he be a genuine Republican—more of a Republican at heart than was Stresemann—he should remember that antagonizing the friends of the old régime too ruthlessly may easily bring failure to his political schemes and ruin to his political career. After all, though the new Germany lives, the old Germany is not dead.

Even as late as the fifth year after Versailles, Stresemann remained partly a man of the past. He had been born and reared in Imperial Germany; he had seen the martial glitter of magnificent regiments, he had been swept into the intoxicating rhythm of crashing military music. He had believed that the Germans would win the War; even after the collapse of the Kaiser's armies in the autumn of 1918 his habits of mind were too strong to enable him as yet to visualize a Germany without a throne and a monarch seated upon it. In short, Stresemann, to outward appearances, seemed merely one of those Germans, only too numerous in the prostrate Fatherland, who obstinately believed that the old imperialistic Germany could be resuscitated in the teeth of her victorious enemies, warily mounting guard on every German frontier, watching for signs of this resuscitation in every German province and city and hamlet.

Yet it was to this seeming blindness, to this genuinely Teu-

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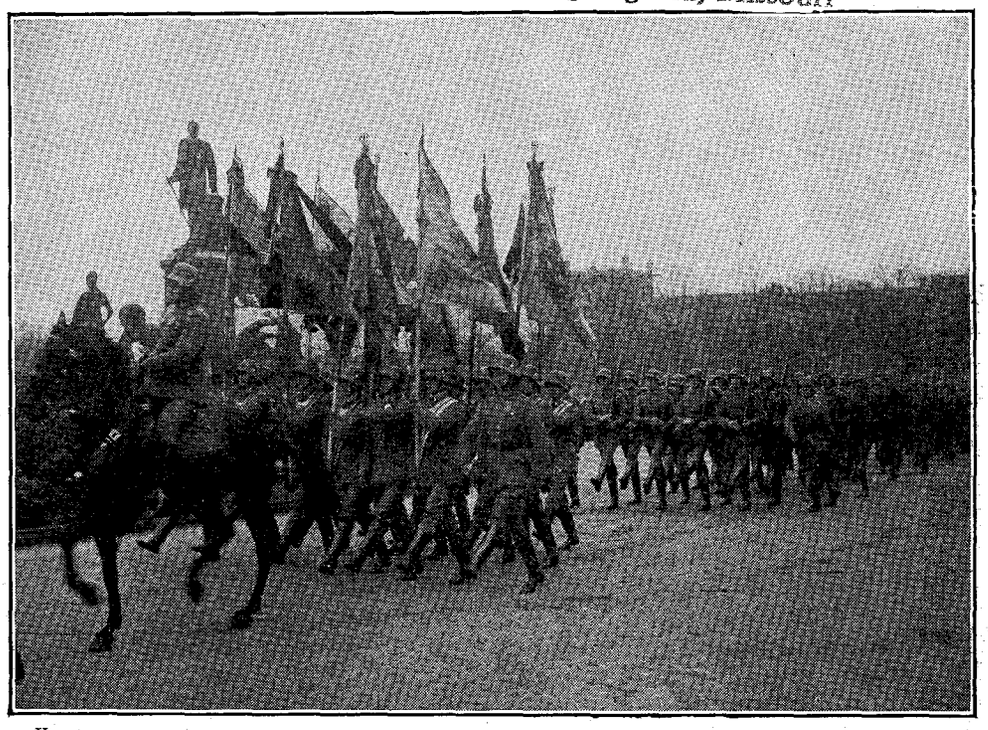
tonic obduracy of mind, that Stresemann owed much at the outset of his post-war career. Uncompromising reactionaries, bullheaded Junkers, to whom events meant nothing, might disapprove of him as Chancellor and Foreign Minister, but their disapproval was as nothing to what it would have been had his post been filled by some out-and-out Republican, some hated Democrat or Socialist, who—to the Junker mind—was helping in peace-time to plunge Germany into slavery to those who had vanquished her in the War. Hence Stresemann, the monarchist at heart, yet energetically fighting for the new Germany in word and deed, immediately became a distinct asset to the infant German Republic. Though the extremists were not forced into loyalty to the Republic, much of the sting was taken from their opposition.



Keystone

IMPERIAL GERMANY
The days of the goose-step

All the while Stresemann was climbing upward, expanding, reaching out, in the midst of the tumultuous political battle which he was waging, for the crown of greatness. In proportion as he climbed, his belief in the Germany of the past became more and more transformed into mere filial affection and respect; more and more he came to realize that such a Germany could never live again in the new post-war world; more and more he recognized the futility of resistance to the march of history, no matter in what high-sounding patriotic verbiage that resistance might be clothed. More and more he pondered and weighed and grew in political stature, until, at last, bestriding "the ridge of time," the scales dropped from his eyes and, confident and fearless in his new-found power, he stood up, Germany's man of the hour—respecting dead yesterday yet understanding invisible tomorrow—to shoulder the colossal task that was to bring him fame and death.

Had he remained merely a man of the past like so many Germans of today—among whom are some of ability and ardent patriotisim—Stresemann could never have fought his way upward to "the ridge of time." Or, even had he done so, he could never have balanced evenly what he glimpsed on one side of the ridge against what was revealed to him on the other. But, having once attained the heights of vision, his extraordinary qualities fell together into a harmonious pattern and he worked thenceforth, despite heartbreaking obstacles, alike with men who could understand nothing but the past and those who, in their hatred of the past, were jeopardizing the whole future of Germany.

It was Stresemann the former Imperialist, the raucous shouter for annexations, who made it possible for Stresemann the new-born realist to bend Junkers to his will and help thwart their plots against the new Germany; it was Stresemann the diviner of the future who made it possible for Stresemann the realist to work hand in hand with Republicans, to tame and utilize Socialists, to cow ultra-exuberant Communists—all in the service of a dream which, every day until the very day of his death, took on more and more, before the amazed and incredulous eyes of his countrymen and the world at large, the substance and trappings of reality.

All the foregoing applies, primarily, to the problems which confronted Stresemann inside Germany; it applies, with equal force, to the problems confronting whosoever is destined to continue his work there. Had Stresemann remained merely the Stresemann of war time, intoxicated by the sabre-rattling and shining armor of Imperial Germany, he could never have forced German Republicans to co-operate with dyed-in-the-wool extremists of the Right in forming a Republican government. Every German not a monarchist would have instinctively distrusted him—as indeed many German Republicans did in the first post-war years when Stresemann was engaged in the difficult task of proving that, despite his monarchistic leanings, he was a sincere upholder of the Republic. But he soon convinced Republicans of his sincerity; so much so, in fact, that he became eventually the dominating force in a government which included not only Democrats and Socialists, not only Centrists and members of the People's Party (Stresemann's own group) but also Nationalists who, in the first war period, would no more have co-operated in a Republican government than they would have dropped the "vons" tacked to their names.

To have played a part—and a leading one—in making such co-operation possible in Germany—even though to the present it has not got beyond the point of extreme fragility—was Gustav Stresemann's great achievement in German internal politics—in this he was enormously helped by the astonishing series of successes toward which he contributed in the foreign field—the driving through of the Dawes Plan, the Locarno Pact, the winning of a place for Germany in the Council of the League of Nations, and the agreement of the British, French and Belgians to

(Please Turn to Page 476)

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The Market Break and Merger Plans

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

ONE of the by-products of the recent stock market smash, and more important in the long run than the individual losses entailed, are the changes made necessary in financial programs and merger plans of corporations. Some may find a certain poetic justice in the difficulties which some corporations now are experiencing with sales of common stock offered in the heyday of the bull market at prices well above current levels; for the excess of new stock offerings undoubtedly had a great deal to do with bringing on the collapse of values.

Had all gone well with the stock market, a total of approximately $500,000,000 would have been collected either from stockholders or from the underwriters between the end of October and the middle of December for additional stock offered by corporations. In the majority of cases the new capital to be raised by sale of stock was intended for expansion of the business, improvement of factories or the purchase of competing or subsidiary concerns. But the break in the price of existing stock made it certain that shareholders would not take "advantage" of offers to buy more stock at prices above existing market prices. Moreover, even when new stock offering prices were still below market value, the wiping out of profits and the uncertainty over the future of security markets made shareholders reluctant to increase their holdings, even if able.

Readjustment of financing programs will not in all cases mean that the corporations concerned will be deprived of needed capital. Some already have withdrawn their offers, but hope to renew them, perhaps at lower prices but with more stock, later. Other offers have been underwritten—that is, guaranteed—by banks, and only the banks need worry.

Still others have postponed the date when payments are to be made, with the expectation that the market may recover sufficiently to enable them to sell stock. In one case, that of Cities Service, litigation is threatened over the action of the directors in withdrawing the stock offer. The offer was at a price above the present market, and probably no one cares to buy stock under the old offer. However, deals in "rights" always follow formal announcement of an offer, and such deals become void unless the offer goes through, in which case paper profits involved disappear.

Quite overshadowing the upsets in new financing plans is the collapse of the merger deal of National City Bank with the Corn Exchange Bank. On September 19 announcement of the proposed merger was made. The terms, agreed upon by Chairman Charles E. Mitchell of National City, the largest bank in the country and one of the three largest banks in the world, and Walter E. Frew, chairman of the Corn Exchange, provided for an exchange of four-fifths of a share of National City Bank stock for one share of Corn Exchange. However, the agreement also provided that any Corn Exchange shareholder who preferred cash to National City stock should receive $360 a share in cash for his stock. Those terms had, of course, the approval of the directors of both banks and were submitted for vote of stockholders of the institutions two weeks ago, at which time it was stated that "insufficient proxies" had come into National City to give the proposal the necessary two-thirds vote of approval. Corn Exchange stockholders approved the plan.

From the terms it is easy to see that, once National City stock should sink below $450 a share, it would be more profitable for a Corn Exchange stockholder to take $360 in cash than to take National City stock. At the time the deal was arranged, however, National City stock was selling well above the exchange limit price. Everything looked rosy for the stock market.

For a while National City Bank stock continued to go up, automatically drawing Corn Exchange stock prices higher. Then things began to go sour in the stock market. The Hatry crash rocked the London Exchange. The New York market, suffering from a bad case of indigestion of new security offerings, developed sharp pains in the abdomen. Stocks came to the market in increasing quantities. Bank stocks fell just as precipitously as did shares for any other business. From a high price of around $580 a share in September, the stock sagged to below $300 on the morning of the day when stockholders formally met to vote on the merger (November 7). Naturally, Corn Exchange sold off also when rumors began to circulate that perhaps those holding the principal blocks of stock in National City might oppose the merger.

To say nothing of the losses involved for individual stockholders of the two banks, the failure of the merger to go through created a profound impression on all disinterested observers in Wall Street. The essence of dealing in Wall Street is making a bargain and sticking to it, and some felt that however much the stock market break had affected the desirability of putting through the merger from the National City standpoint, the stockholders should have upheld their chairman and directors. To have carried out the agreement, National City would have had to find $217,000,000 to pay for the outstanding Corn Exchange shares.

Wall Street rather expects that the National City-Corn Exchange debacle will dampen bank merger enthusiasm in the metropolitan district for some time. Chairman Mitchell hinted very strongly that his institution would sail close to shore for a while. Without the Corn Exchange the National City Bank will continue to be the largest bank in this country, with total resources of over two billions.

Corn Exchange itself has been fairly busy in the merger field since its organization in 1853. All told it has taken over eleven banking institutions, which were converted into branches.

The bank now has 68 branches located in strategic positions throughout New York City, and to secure that branch banking system the National City had made its merger offer. Those branches would increase the National City system to over 100.

During the past eight or nine years nearly all mergers of this type have been founded on ambition to expand. Continuation of the movement during the next few months at least doubtless would be interpreted as deflationary.

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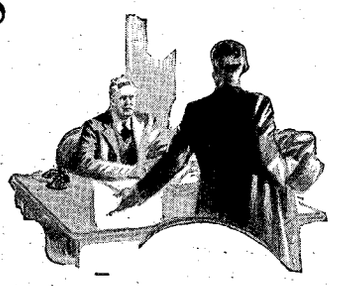
"But today he is building a reserve of sound securities"

LEO T. CROWLEY, *President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin,* tells a very human story of a young man who tried the dangerous road of speculation . . . and then found a better way



"He sketched a whole series of doubtful investments in which he had risked 'just a little' each time."

LEO T. CROWLEY, *President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, takes a prominent part in the business and civic development of Madison. Before becoming President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Mr. Crowley served as a director.*

"MR. B . . . was full of enthusiasm when he came to me," said Mr. Crowley.

"He had an opportunity to buy a considerable interest in a local merchandising corporation. To pay for his shares in the new venture, he wanted to sell a conservative bank stock.

"I was surprised. I knew that he had inherited a comfortable estate some years before, and he was supposed to be doing well in business.

" 'You ought to hold on to this bank stock, Bob,' I advised him. 'Haven't you got something else you could close out? How about your stock in that X . . . firm?'

"His face clouded. Hesitatingly he confessed that the firm in question had suffered great reverses. It was doubtful whether he could recover half his investment.

"Then he went on to sketch an amazing story of small misfortunes. A whole series of doubtful investments in which he had risked 'just a little' each time.

" 'This bank stock is all I've got left that's saleable. I've got to use it to come back,' he said desperately.

"I was unable to change his purpose. He went into the new corporation, and lost the remnant of his inheritance when the business failed for lack of capital.

"I have seen many others make the same mistake as Mr. B . . . Indeed, I have come to feel that *adhering to a plan* is the most important rule in conservative investment.

"Incidentally, Mr. B . . . has learned his lesson. Today he saves a definite part of every salary check, and he is gradually building a reserve of sound securities, according to a plan of investment we worked out together."

* * *

The average investor, in planning a competence for himself, should consult a banker, or a high grade investment house before he buys. Here he will learn how much he can reasonably expect to get, in income, without jeopardizing safety. He will learn how the principle of diversification establishes another fundamental safeguard for his money. Here, too, the average investor can expect an understanding and intelligent diagnosis of his own individual needs.

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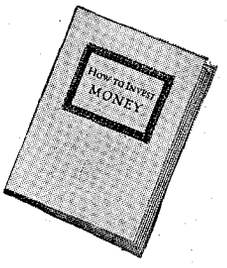

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Player Control in Football

By JOHN R. TUNIS

NO ONE, EVEN THE most devoted adherent of intercollegiate football today, will, I think, deny that there are evils in the body politic of the game. Yet few are the practical remedies suggested by friend and foe alike. Former Head Coach T. A. D. Jones of Yale some years ago made just such a suggestion when he proposed that the rival coaches sit in the stands during the game, leaving the actual direction to the players. The answer of the Harvard coach to this was to request that the Bowl be more thoroughly wired with telephones in order that his observers in the air could the more readily communicate with him upon the bench. And that was that. The idea died still born. Intercollegiate football today is still a game for the coaches and not for the players.

It remained for Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers, the Director of Physical Education Division of the State of New York, to pick up the idea and actually put it into practice over a tremendous amount of opposition. The history of his struggles to make football in secondary schools a game and not big business is extremely interesting; in brief, the idea came into effect in December, 1927, when the Central Committee of the New York State Public High Schools Athletic Association adopted what has since been known as General Regulation No. I, providing that no coach shall interfere with players during the game except to withdraw a man for physical reasons. This regulation is now in effect in many secondary institutions throughout the state, not as regards football only, but in connection with other sports during the year.

My good fortune it was recently to attend two high school games in Buffalo played under General Regulation No. I, with the conduct of the game left entirely to the players. If any one wishes to get a picture of Player Control under perfect conditions, Buffalo is the place. Here Carl Burkhardt, the energetic Supervisor of Physical Education, has taken up the idea not merely in football but in nine different sports played by the high school students of the district, and in Buffalo Player Control is not merely discussed in conferences, it is carried out in actuality upon the playing fields. Let me give you a picture of what it really means.

Up in the press box of the magnificent new Buffalo All-Scholastic Stadium sit the two rival coaches. A telephone stands between them, connecting the coaches with the sidelines where stands a man to obey their wishes whenever they consider a substitution necessary. At mid-field sits a doctor who also has complete authority to remove any player for physical reasons. There is no head coach sitting on the bench or kneeling on the sidelines plucking blades of grass to signal plays to the quarterback. There is no influx of substitutes coming in with specific directions from the end coach. There is no one warming up and down behind the bench with a big number on his back as a signal to the leader of the eleven on the field. In short, as one young man, a coach who incidentally had been bitterly against the idea when first introduced, said:

"The General Regulation changes the man in charge [the coach] from a bench-manager to a teacher. And who will debate the desirability of this?"

Now there were several things that this demonstration of Player Control proved to the observer. One was that this high school game was faster, smarter, and better played than most college games, that there were much fewer penalties, because, one presumes, the boys knew the rules better. The officials afterward told me this was a fact, and that a game played under the general regulation was much easier to umpire. Moreover, the playing was extraordinarily good, whether because the boys were depending upon their own brains and not upon the coaches is impossible to say. Obviously with the captain and not the coach in control, the team with the best captain will win —this was the belief of those who had seen many games played with the captain leading his team in action.

Many prominent coaches have objected to the suggestion of Player Control in football by pointing out that a youngster in a fierce game is unable to see things clearly, he is too confused with the demands made upon him to make proper substitutions or direct a team as a man can do sitting dispassionately upon a bench at the side. This objection came to my mind toward the end of one of the most bitterly fought games I ever saw, a game at Buffalo between two high school teams. The ball was on the eight yard line, the half was drawing to a close and the score was still nothing to nothing. It was a tense moment. Then the captain of the defending eleven ran over toward the sidelines to call a substitute. One player ran out, slipping on his helmet; but the captain shook his head and motioned the man back, another came forward but he was not the player desired, and the captain insisted on having the right man. It was a time when the confusion, the excitement, the uproar and cheering from the stands should have upset this youngster of sixteen; but the fact was he acted and handled himself like a calm and collected veteran. He had his finger on the team; he knew what he wanted and he got it. If Player Control can do this sort of thing arguments against it sound excessively silly.

One great trouble with American scholastic and collegiate sports is that we don't let the boys grow up. We attempt to interfere and govern their games from the adult viewpoint. This, General Regulation No. I attempts to avoid. That it will be the great cure-all for the many excesses of football is to be doubted. But it is an idea, a sound idea, a practical and workable idea, a courageous attempt to deflate the football bubble and put some common sense into sport. Every one sincerely interested in athletics ought to rally to its support. Today, despite the opposition of the paid claque, the regulation is in effect and giving daily evidence of its worth in New York State scholastic athletics. That it can ever be transferred to the colleges is almost too much to hope. As one of the officials in a game at Buffalo remarked to me cynically:—

"No, it would never be successful in the colleges. There football is a big commercial business with stadiums to support and all the rest of it. With us here in the high schools football is a sport."

Could there be a more striking commentary upon the Great God Football than this?

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

A Novel and Some Biographies

WHEN MRS. WHARTON writes about New York society, she has a subject which she, alone of important contemporary novelists, knows. Greenwich Village writes about Park Avenue, Park Avenue writes about Broadway, everybody writes about Harlem. But nobody, not the clever Jews from Poland nor the deep school-marms from Ioway, writes about the increasingly obscure group of people which lives and has long lived in New York, downtown, moving slowly up, caught in Murray Hill eddies, lost in brownstone backwaters; not always rich, not always prominent, not always virtuous; but always secure in the right of eminent domain. Perhaps nobody knows that such a group exists.

In *Hudson River Bracketed*,[1] her new novel, Mrs. Wharton began to write about these people, and they are in it, proud and conciliatory and ridiculous. But they are not the story. Mrs. Wharton began with one story and was diverted into another because the first story was a romance but the second, a cause. She started out with an old family, run to seed in mesalliances, wayward sons and high-strung daughters; people rich in background and poor in cash, tied to an old house such as one sees lost in the trees above New Hamburg or Fishkill: the Hudson River, New York of fifty years ago, bracketed by the covers of her book. And then a young genius from the West came, stumbling from Euphoria, "cradle of all the advantages" into Paul's Landing, and he caught Mrs. Wharton's eye. And he became the past as well as the present, part of onswimming Time. He is a beautifully integrated figure, an unswerving compound of egoism, honesty and passion. His way is beset with pitfalls. He stumbles into all of them because he is not, like others, watching his step: his eyes are on the stars. He falls into the hands of the Philistines. The New York literary game, as it is now called, entices him, and he is beaten by those who play it skilfully. Mrs. Wharton spares him nothing, no petty success, no gross disillusion, no exquisite tragedy; because he is a genius and must stumble up the steep road to glory—or to silence. Which it is to be, we close the book without knowing.

No recent novel of Mrs. Wharton's has impressed us so much as this one. It is beautifully written. Long ago Mrs. Wharton knew what her hero receives for the first time when he is turned loose in the library at The Willows, "the mighty shock of English prose." She has never forgotten it, nor the lessons in human psychology which she learned from her great master. In plot structure her book is perfect. Through the development of each character and each event, through the interplay of characters and events, the ends of poetic justice are served. Mrs. Wharton's books are always read, and this one will be. It will be found to compare favorably with the finest work she has ever done.

From "Every Soul Is a Circus" by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan)

The sub-titles to the essays included in *Twelve Against the Gods*[2] by William Bolitho, as given the book's jacket suggest a cheap tabloid headline style which is happily not justified by the book. Mr. Bolitho writes in journalistic style, to be sure, but in the brilliant perfection of it. He plays rhetorical elegance against disorder, untidy colloquialism carefully set, against classic phraseology strung haphazard. The result is striking. His approach to the subjects of his biographical essays on adventurers is forceful, intelligent, free from prejudice as from sentimentality and fresh, even when he has no new material to offer. He uses his adventurers to prove a thesis, but none is stretched out of shape to fit the plan. Presenting the adventurer as the "most fascinating possibility of the white race," he introduces his theme with an essay on Alexander the Great, whose "athletic asceticism" has been of such influence, notably in English training. The adventurer Mr. Bolitho places at the opposite pole from the citizen. Adventure is the antithesis of patriotism, and the adventurer, who is successful, is always defeated by his success. From Alexander the Great, Mr. Bolitho carries his thesis through Casanova, Columbus, "the out-sider," Mahomet, Cagliostro, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden (of whom he does not make the most) Napoleon, Cataline, whose career has special significance for Americans, Napoleon Third, and Wilson: and he includes two women, Lola Montez, of whom no one has written so well, and Isadora Duncan, the subject of a devastating essay which will be ill-received in some quarters. Of uneven excellence, the essays on Alexander (although it will hardly surpass Plutarch!), Cataline and especially Wilson seem to us the finest. Mr. Bolitho's book will repay reading. It is rich in quotable material none of which we have the space to use. In this book as in his newspaper column, Mr. Bolitho shows himself an imaginative humanitarian. His attitude is a happy mixture of idealism, common

1. Appleton, $2.50.
2. Simon and Schuster, $5.00.

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By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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sense, humorous tolerance and what we must be permitted to call by the old-fashioned name of brotherly love.

Theoretically every book should be reviewed by a specialist who adds to his critical sense a thorough knowledge of the subject of the book. The fact that this is impractical works to the advantage of both writer and reader. For the reader, unless he is a student, reads all kinds of books; and the writer, unless he is the author of text-books, writes for all kinds of readers, dreaming of a public not limited by special interests. A lawyer would find other things to say about *For the Defense; the Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall*[3] by Edward Marjoribanks. The ordinary reviewer can only say that it is the graphic story of an exciting life. Upon taking his first murder case, Sir Edward, one of the greatest criminal lawyers of our time, said, "I don't know much law, but I can learn what there is to know about men and women." He was the attorney for the defense in some of the most famous of modern murder cases, cases as well known here as in England. His qualities fitted him for his work, although they sometimes got him into trouble. Eloquent, emotional, at need a virulent speaker, he espoused his clients' causes with passionate faith in their justice. At one time his career was nearly ruined by the Harmsworth newspapers, whose enmity he had incurred by his plain speaking about their exploitation of the unsavory details of his cases. But he made a great recovery and died full of honors. This biography is a labor of love. It is, furthermore, a fine example of a story told without the slightest intrusion between reader and subject of the author's personality or point of view.

Another good biography, but of an entirely different sort is Hilaire Belloc's *Richelieu*.[4] We call it a biography for lack of a more exact description, for in the psychographer's sense it is not biography at all. The chronology of Richelieu's life is only suggested, his character is allowed to explain itself through his works, and the background of his time is hardly more than sketched. Mr. Belloc is a historian first and an essayist second. (Perhaps one should say a Catholic historian first and an English essayist second). His *Richelieu* is an historical essay upon the policies of Richelieu and their far-reaching, unintended effect. One thinks of Richelieu as the prime mover in the establishment of standing armies and navies and the modern revenue system. Mr. Belloc sees him, the great Catholic dignitary, as the man whose policies chiefly created the two great causes which move toward the possible disruption of Europe. "The first—the division of this (the European) society into two sharply opposed cultures—Catholic and Protestant—the second—the religion of patriotism: the worship of the Nation as the supreme object of affection: the sacrifice of general unity to local feeling. Richelieu, who created a nation out of a mass of warring nobles, and protected France from the most powerful of her enemies by setting up a Protestant power against them is, according to Mr. Belloc, directly responsible for the Europe of today. With M. Briand hoping for a United States of Europe, and with a Roman Catholic revival making itself felt all over Europe, Mr. Belloc's book is of more than casual interest.

Harry Salpeter has made in *Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell*[5] an entertaining, well thought out addition to the rapidly growing library of Johnsoniana-Boswelliana. Readers are invited to speculate as to why the devastating old curmudgeon and his never-to-be overthanked biographer, whose "meeting constituted the most important cross-roads encounter in literature" should be of such particular interest to journalists. Mr. Salpeter has a fine

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War.

Sincerity, by John Erskine: Bobbs Merrill. Light ironic tale of three people who aimed at sincerity and achieved silliness. Reviewed Nov. 13.

The Good Companions, by J. B. Priestly: Harpers. A delightful, substantial English story of a traveling dramatic company, full of common sense, sturdy sentiment and good fun. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Fugitive's Return, by Susan Glaspell: Stokes. The story of a woman's life which progresses through unbearable tragedy to a period of spiritual anaesthesia and on to triumphant acceptance.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Non-Fiction

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by David Loth: Brentano's. Clever rather than scholarly chronicle of a gorgeous period. Vivid and absorbing in spite of unfortunate colloquial style.

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years, by Harriet Connor Brown: Atlantic Monthly Press: Little, Brown and Co. A rich and inspiring biography of a "pioneer wife and mother." Reviewed November 6.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katherine Anthony: Knopf. This admirable study of the Virgin Queen will sustain the renewed interest of readers in the Tudor period. Reviewed Oct. 9.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbe Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. Judging by the persistence of this title on this list, the wise and witty Frenchman's teachings in an obsolescent art are being closely studied.

3. Macmillan.
4. Lippincott, $5.
5. Coward-McCann, $3.50.

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knowledge of his subject and has had the advantage of new material recently made available. He has caught the spirit of both men, and he is illuminating on the subject of their influence upon each other. His book makes clear some of the reasons for the hold which Johnson and Boswell have upon the imagination of posterity. Such books as this always tempt readers into a rereading of the original material. Therein lies their greatest value and their writers' greatest satisfaction.

"My God Is a Mighty Man of War"

If supply is the result of demand two volumes, *Hannibal*[6] by G. P. Baker and *Ethan Allen*[7] by John Pell, indicate a perennial interest in war and men-at-arms which must be distinctly discouraging to the pacifist. In *Hannibal* we have the paradox of a superlative military leader who at heart was probably not militaristic at all. A man of peculiarly modern type of mind, his natural inclination was to avoid war as a great waste but "economic necessity;" access to the important marts provided the urge to war in the third century before Christ as effectually as in the year of grace 1914. In Mr. Baker's very interesting estimate of Hannibal's historical significance, the author does not hesitate to state that the Carthaginian was "one of the remote fountains of the whole stream of Roman imperial monarchy." The spiritual descent of Caesar is traced directly to Hannibal through Scipio Africanus and Sulla. Between Scipio and Hannibal during their titanic struggle, there was a curious, almost romantic, intellectual sympathy and admiration which puzzled their own generation and has intrigued the imagination of historians for more than two thousand years. The undoubted mental affinity between the opposing generals furnishes a fascinating—and unsolvable—theme for psychological conjecture and warrants the general belief of their own contemporaries that the terms of surrender were agreed upon between them before the battle of Zama made the fall of Carthage inevitable. Certainly those terms were more humane than either nation could have hoped for had they been arranged by statesmen or determined by popular outcry. In the peace terms between Rome and Carthage there are amusing analogies to contemporary disarmament agreements. For instance, regarding the famous war-elephants who played the same part in Hannibal's tactics that the tanks have filled modern warfare—all of these elephants were to be surrendered and what is more significant, no more were to be trained! Had Hannibal continued to train war-elephants, the need for raiding Zeppelins, submarines, gas and general *schrecklichkeit* as we know it might not have occurred!

This biography is a moving but not sentimental chronicle of a defeat immortalized in the three words which sum up what most of us know about Carthage. It is a Song of the Vanquished. But it is also rich in those little ironies inevitable in any true account of human proceedings on this earth.

Drinking, roystering, swearing gorgeously, Ethan Allen emerges from the pages of John Pell's biography like a figure from a pantheistic myth. Brutal as he unquestionably was, unscrupulous, there is something of the nature-god in this Man of the Green Mountains. Washington said there was an original something about him and this something eventually caused considerable trouble to the commander-in-chief of the Continental forces for Ethan waged war with a gnomelike glee against British red-coats or his neighbors the Yorkers whom he hated with a demi-god's undying hate! Ethan was the oldest of eight children and some idea of his family affection is revealed by his own remark that his mother and Mary Magdalen were the only women ever delivered of seven devils. As for his own repute among his contemporaries, when lovely Fanny Wall was told that if she married Ethan she would become queen of a new country (the New Hampshire Grants, now Vermont) she replied, "If I married the devil I would be Queen of Hell!" Nevertheless a short time after this she was married to Ethan and when the minister asked him if he would live with her in accordance with God's ordinance, he looked out of the window at his hills a moment before replying "God's laws written in the book of Nature—yes." Lawless and violent as he was every American of pioneer stock must feel kinship with Ethan in the

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very marrow of his bones. His epic is not always pretty—neither is the Odyssey. A reader who can perhaps remember a pioneer great grandfather in coon-skin cap and recall tales of the last—now vanished—frontiers, will be stirred in his American depths—and internationalists be damned—by this essentially American life—for "Part of this I was."

MARY SHIRLEY

Behind the Blurbs

WE HAVE ALWAYS been great admirer of Gertrude Stein. Give her one small idea that another writer would be able to make only a 7-word sentence of, and she'll spread it over 50 cents' worth of paper. Cheap paper at that. And even then the reader doesn't get it until it's explained by a third party. With her gift we could fill our col with a review of the first verse of Little Miss Muffett and have enough left over for next week. It seems to us however that she has rather abandoned her method in a recent essay? portrait? poem? in *Blues* (A magazine of New Rhythms pub. down in dear old Mississipp). For she says: "Grammar is as disappointed not is as Grammar is as disappointed." Quite pithy, what? We don't know that we've ever seen grammar so succinctly, tersely and tellingly elucidated. Of course, she adds farther down: "Grammar is not as Grammar is as disappointed." But that really doesn't add anything. She said all she had to say the first time. The second sentence seems to us a halfhearted return to the earlier method. And in our opinion it doesn't come off. She should have left it as it stood. Or else have turned it upside down and given the rest in a footnote. And anyway, what we want to see pretty soon is an illustrated edition of Miss Stein's books. By one of the older men—Gibson, for example. Or say Maxfield Parrish. (Guess we've done enough with that.) ☙ ☙ ☙ Speaking of illustration, N. C. Wyeth has done 16 full-pagers for George H. Palmer's translation of *The Odyssey*.[8] We thought them very nice. ☙ ☙ ☙ The Princeton Univ. Press reports that one of its authors complained because all the copies of his book had been sold. They don't give his name, so we can't verify it. But we believe they're truthful, as publishers go. ☙ ☙ ☙ Recent editorial in *N. Y. Times* states that blood and thunder fiction is being tested out in psychological lab. of Univ. of Chicago for its effect on reader. The experimenter hopes to prove thrillers make good nerve tonics. We suppose the time will come when every M. D. will have a small bookcase in his medicine cabinet. "You're thoroughly run down, my boy," he'll say. "Take one of these Edgar Wallaces after dinner every night. If you don't feel better in three days, we'll take more drastic measures. One of this new series endorsed by the American Medical Association—Purple Tales for Pale People. They'll fix you up." ☙ ☙ ☙ An African Hall in the American Natural History Museum was the dream of Carl Akeley's life which sent him on his last fatal expedition to the Dark Continent. Story of the trip is well told in *Carl Akeley's Africa*,[9] by the wife of the explorer. There was necessity for haste, since ruthless slaughter of game herds by hunters in recent years has made securing of specimens increasingly difficult. Many fine photographs. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The 5:18 Mystery*[10] concerns queer doings in a railway carriage in which the gallant Freddy Reeve was starting on his vacation. Involved are lovely Miss Leveridge, a clergyman, an old lady, an unpleasant cockney, a horse-faced man, a large gentleman in spats and a man in a brown suit. Works up from simple disappearance through kidnaping to murder and exciting cross-country chase. Swift action and humor make it exceptionally good thriller. 5 vols. in a 9-vol. story of California have just been pub.[11] and we are impressed by exhaustive magnitude of the work, and extraordinarily complete and useful bibliographies. These 5 are *Pathfinders, Spanish Arcadia, Gold Days, Oxcart to Airplane* and *Outdoor Heritage*. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Our Secret War*[12] is sometimes exciting popular account of American Secret Service activities in late War. Hitherto our international spy knowledge has been based on Oppenheim, and we were surprised to find that beautiful female spies played very small parts. There was Mata Hari, of course, but author deliberately omitted her. On the whole, book contains much interesting material, and proves that our Intelligence was remarkably efficient. Its agents must have had better command of German than the author. ☙ ☙ ☙ *Crime in Ink*[13] tells stories of cases in which David Carvalho, handwriting expert, played a part. Won't raise your blood pressure to danger point, but if you're amateur criminologist it offers interesting facts and methods you should know about.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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The Russian Soviet Union

As Seen Through Recent Books

IN THE FIRST decade after the red revolution it was natural that books about Russia should be as a rule either indictments or apologies—pamphlet propaganda in kind, however thick the volumes or learned the titles. Now we are beginning to get more objective and realistic studies.

The scenes shift so rapidly and the contrasts are so striking and paradoxical that it requires an exceptionally qualified observer to see it and tell it as a whole. Such an interpreter has appeared in Maurice Hindus, who has written about Russia before. Now, in *Humanity Uprooted* (Cape and Smith), he gives us a faithful and consistent account of contemporary Russia and its people, treating all the topics about which we have most eager curiosity: religion, property, sex, and family. He discusses the effect of the revolution on peasant, proletarian, youth, woman, Jew, Cossack, *intelligentsia,* and communist; and shows us England, America, war, and revolution, as seen through Russian eyes.

This is not in the least a partisan book, unless it is partisanship to help the reader to understand. From its glowing pages the Russian people again emerge, uprooted perhaps, but human.

Professional super-patriots and secret-service volunteers have for the most part grown weary of their silly attempts to discredit enlightened and liberal movements of thought by insinuations or direct charges of Bolshevist subsidy. Both diplomats and financiers seem to have resigned themselves to the idea that Russians also, whether we like it or not, will "live under institutions of their own choosing," changing them from time to time, gradually or suddenly, not because of outside demands, or in deference to the views of their neighbors, but only as a result of their own experience and their developing—even if repressed—public opinion. Only those who, having been participants in the revolution or sympathizers with it, do not like the course which subsequent events have taken, still remain sufficiently wrought up, and are sufficiently informed, to continue the polemic against the communist dictatorship.

Among them is Alexander Berkman. In collaboration with the Jewish Anarchist Federation he has written for the series of Outlines of Social Philosophies (Vanguard Press) a little book of three hundred pages, *What Is Communist Anarchism?* Berkman explains, with an air of patient tolerance, that anarchism is not bombs, disorder, or chaos; that it is not robbery and murder; that it is not a war of each against all; that it is not a return to barbarism or to the wild state of man. It is on the contrary, as he describes it, a condition of society in which there is no war, no violence, no monopoly, no poverty, no oppression, no taking advantage of your fellowmen. For a few golden days in the autumn of 1917 such ideal anarchism prevailed in Russia. It was then that, with comparatively little bloodshed, the provisional government of Kerensky collapsed, the armies at the front dissolved, workers seized the factories, peasants the land, and all power passed to the Soviets.

Of this economic revolution, resembling a general strike rather than civil war, Berkman's book is a warm defense. But it is equally an attack on the rise of the Bolshevik dictatorship, the creation of a new government stronger and more tyrannical than the old, as a result of which, so this Anarchist author declares, almost all the good results of the economic and social revolution were lost.

For disinterested and serious American students of contemporary Russia the translation of the five-year economic plan of the U.S.S.R. is an event of the first importance. It is issued by the Presidium of the State Planning Commission (Gosplan), and published in this country as *The Soviet Union Looks Ahead* (Liveright).

The Russian plan is comprehensive, including a program of reconstruction and rationalization in all the leading branches of the national economy; and also very concrete and detailed, considering the vast interests involved, the extent and variety of the geographical area in which it is to be carried out, the capital expenditures required to finance it, and the balance always to be kept in mind between city and country, and between private and politically socialized enterprise. It is deliberately designed to hasten the process of transforming Russia from a country primarily agrarian to one predominantly industrial, and emphasis is placed on "the idea of power development as a basis of economic planning and construction." Ambitious projects are included, also, for raising the standard of rural living. EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IN SOME WAYS, *Berkeley Square*, the London hit by John L. Balderston, recently brought to Broadway, is a remarkable play. Not that the idea upon which it is based is new—the dramatist acknowledges his debt to Henry James's unfinished story *The Sense of the Past*—nor likewise, the plot. In *Looking Backward*, Edward Bellamy presented his hero as a man from a past century, unexpectedly alive in the year 2000, and in love with a girl of the future. Mr. Balderston has simply reversed this process, so that his hero, a young American in London in 1928, is translated to the Berkeley Square of 1784, and falls in love with a girl of the past.

Yet, *Berkeley Square* possesses its own distinct points. Principal among them is the inexorable sense of fate which it achieves. Peter Standish, recently arrived from America to live in the house of his ancestors on Berkeley Square, completely immersed in the old letters and diaries which he has found there, knows so completely the personal history of the people who lived in this house in 1784 that when he is suddenly thrown back among them, he is like a man with second sight. Every act which takes place he knows is going to take place. Every action which threatens to upset what he knows will be the inevitable outcome of any situation is to him at once an impossibility. So that it is no wonder that the inhabitants of the mansion on Berkeley Square first draw apart from him, then look upon him with suspicion, and finally are filled with the fear that he is insane.

Further, he proceeds to fall in love with the girl whom history says he never married; and she with him. So that while time is obliterated by their passion, his knowledge of the way affairs must turn out gives to destiny an implacable aspect. Here, indeed, is the essence of tragedy: human love unavailing against dark fate.

As the action proceeds and things begin to happen which according to the record cannot happen, the peculiar madness which the situation induces in Peter Standish is communicated to the audience; producing one of the strangest situations, full of a moving suspense that lifts the play completely out of the class of ordinary drama. In fact *Berkeley Square* should be a tragedy all the way through. Yet, Mr. Balderston has contrived it so deftly that it is delicately flavored with comedy and irony, more than a little touched with mystery, and produces upon the beholder when the curtain has finally fallen, none of the stark tragedy of a Macbeth, but rather the gentle sadness of Cyrano de Bergerac's last hours in the garden with the leaves of Autumn falling, falling . . . .

To enjoy such a play to the full, perhaps one should be old enough to have been touched somewhat by the mystery of the human soul and its brief passage on this earth. But for this observer, at least *Berkeley Square* possesses a unique quality which most purely objective love stories lack.

How does Peter Standish get from the Twentieth Century to the days of Queen Anne? While Mr. Balderston does not reveal this—and perhaps rightly—all that is clear is that the room remains the same in both centuries, except for the necessary changes in styles of upholstery. To all intents and purposes, Berkeley Square itself remains the same. And since the action of both centuries takes place in precisely the same surroundings, there is evoked most distinctly that peculiar sense of the past which Henry James strove to isolate. In the end, the Peter Standish of this day is supposed by his friends merely to have suffered from an attack of fever for a week, and thus to have been out of his mind. And there you have an explanation for your literalists. Yet what did happen to Peter Standish? Did two personalities, both named Peter Standish, change places, or has it been indeed merely a fever dream of a gentleman of the present day? Or, does time hold all things within itself so that everything that ever existed still exists, and everything that is to come exists now beside it?

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr

"Condemned"

A FRENCH THIEF serving time on Devil's Island; a pompous warden's pretty wife; an escape in which she has a prominent part.

Ronald Colman to play the thief, and Ann Harding the wife; Dudley Digges, of the Theatre Guild, to do the warden, and Louis Wolheim as a jolly two-fisted murderer, the hero's pal. Sidney Howard to write the dialogue—and we ought to have a pretty good talking movie. But, as it turns out, we haven't such a good talking movie as you might think.

Well played, well directed and (in parts) well written, *Condemned* suffers heavily under a labored plot and a number of far-fetched situations, and ends on a flat note. The distinction and rare ability of its star make it worth seeing, and the same goes for the rest of the principals. But it isn't a first-rate picture.

If *Condemned* adhered throughout to the excellent light, romantic comedy at which Ronald Colman is so adept, it would be far better entertainment. If it led up to an amusing, exciting climax its improbable portions could be the more easily forgiven. Mr. Howard has felt that a convict story should be earnest and solemn, at least in spots, and that renunciation, redemption and retribution, the deadly three R's of the movies, must be writ large all over the scenery. So that the youth of our fair land won't think it's just a happy lark to be sent to Devil's Island.

To be quite fair to the author of *They Knew What They Wanted* and *Ned McCobb's Daughter* and *The Silver Cord,* we think that Sidney Howard was only trying to avoid two typical movie clichés when he evolved what turned out to be two unfortunate lapses in the construction of his story. We refer to the facts that the hero is a real thief, and not merely an innocent man, wrongfully accused—and that the ending is somber and uninspiring. It wasn't good business to cast the heroic and romantic Ronald Colman as a minor felon nor was it elevating to see him paying at the last for his misdeeds. Not even though the heroine vowed she would wait for him for practically an indefinite period, if necessary.

As a final commentary, let us quote a gifted lady member of *Condemned's* first night audience: She wanted to know what real-life husband of a pretty blonde wife would have been such an utter sap as to hire Ronald Colman for a kitchen boy.

"The Trespasser"

IF THIS PICTURE had appeared as a stage play it would have been laughed off the boards on its opening night.

To laugh off the performance of Gloria Swanson in the leading rôle, or of Robert Ames in her support would be less easy, but not impossible; for both of them have rather sententious rôles that almost defeated them. Miss Swanson is a stenographer and Mr. Ames the son of a millionaire, and a Chicago millionaire at that; they marry secretly, but not successfully, for it is their fate to have the boy's father succeed in getting the marriage annulled, and his son remarried to a girl with social position.

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¶ In the beginning, God..
In the end, God.....
In between, God.....

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE ENORMOUS popularity of standardized fiction has always been a mystery to us. In the leading article of the next issue, "Opiates for the Masses," Johan Smertenko explains the appeal of the happily ended love story on the basis of vicarious satisfaction. The success, Mr. Smertenko declares, of this conventional theme is due to the fact that it provides a catharsis for sex starvation. Mr. Smertenko is a regular contributor to The Outlook and Independent.

IN REPLY TO the repeated accusation that "we have sold out body and soul to the liquor gang" it gives us great pleasure to announce that we have with great difficulty secured an article by a dry leader. "As Dr. Wilson Sees It" which will appear in the form of an interview with Ray T. Tucker, is an expression of the views of the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson on prohibition enforcement. It may interest our readers to know that, according to the General Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, the Canadian government is profiteering in drink, that President Harding became a teetotaler after his election, and that President Hoover was elected on a dry issue. Mr. Tucker is a Washington correspondent whose political articles have attracted considerable attention.

WHAT WITH THE recent activities of Messrs. Eyanson, Bingham and Grundy, not to mention Mr. Shearer, we are glad to announce "The Need for Lobbies" by E. Pendleton Herring. Mr. Herring, who is an instructor in the department of government at Harvard, believes that the present investigation may lead to regulation of legitimate lobbying.

THE FOURTH INSTALLMENT of Mrs. Springer's biography of Mrs. Eddy describes the vicissitudes of the three years following her recovery. Although much of this period was spent in the homes of Spiritualists, she never stayed long with any one family, usually leaving at the request of the mistress of the house. On one occasion she was even ejected at night in a rainstorm.

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE'S A LIQUID called "Rout" which comes in a can and is useful in removing chewing gum, tar, road oil and grease from Fords and Rolls Royces. You simply apply with a cloth, let stand for a minute, then wipe off.

It works also on rugs, linoleum, tile, metal and so on. We know: we've tried it.

WHISKETTE is another adaptation of steel wool for scouring. It is built like a brush, all the fibres running parallel, and enclosed in cloth for the protection of the hands,—the ends of course exposed. More efficient and easier to handle than the ordinary steel wool pads.

WE LIKED very much some panels of old French wall paper seen at Wanamaker's. They are hand blocked, include a wide range of scenes and colors, and are of a size suitable to be placed over doors or mantels. One hunting scene was delightful, with hounds in full cry, a galloping huntsman, and a gentleman aiming his gun—the quarry and target being evidently a quite unconcerned damsel balancing a jar on her head.

She's not more than three yards from the gun muzzle, but her unconcern makes us feel sure that she knows he won't shoot—he's only having his little joke.

In the same store we gazed also upon several cases of glittering silver gilt hunting trophies—huge vine wreathed cups, mostly late 18th and early 19th Century English pieces. Very gorgeous, but we didn't buy one for ourself because we felt it would look a bit too ostentatious in our modest home.

A SHAKER THAT won't clog and will work with damp salt might interest you. Inside the cap—which is chromium plated to resist tarnish—is a coating of a special material to which salt won't cling.

Another feature, useful when the salt is dry, is a special device which shuts off the salt when the shaker is inverted, so that you won't get too much. The container is of glass, in various shades.

THE CIGADOR is a cigarette box which, at a touch on the little jigger at the bottom, delivers a cigarette to you. No springs or complications to get out of order—and a very neat looking piece of work.

Also for smokers who can't seem to avoid dropping sparks and ashes all over everything, a cigarette holder which encloses the entire cigarette in a fine mesh screen—a sort of modified pipe—so that the ashes can't get out. Personally we think if you need one of these contraptions to protect your clothes then you ought not to smoke anyway.

Just as a hundred years or so ago it was felt that no gentleman should drink unless he could hold his licker.

MAY WE SAY again that we are always glad to give you any information you wish regarding articles mentioned in this department? Just send us a post card and we'll reply immediately, at least we'll try to

ANOTHER NEW monthly idea, to which we can subscribe in no sense of the word, is Playchoice, the play of the month. This service will select the best play on Broadway each month for six months, beginning November, and will supply you with good orchestra seats for $27.50. That averages $4.58 plus, per seat. Darn near four-sixty, at that. More than we, for one, want to spend on any play that we haven't picked out ourself. Particularly since we've just been accompanying the stock market on its downward rush. We're staying home nights now, knitting up the tattered sleeve of care.

FOR ONE-FIFTY you can get a small chopping set for nuts, fruits, etc., consisting of a six-inch hardwood bowl and six-bladed stainless steel chopper, with handle in green, blue, red or yellow. The bowl can be had plain or lacquered to match.

A CHRISTMAS CARD which contains a needle and 68 needlefuls of thread in 17 shades, for mending stockings and lingerie, seems to us to have a little more to recommend it than the usual Yuletide greetings with which we will all soon be stuffing the mail boxes of the country. Sending out Christmas cards is one of the things we all feel we have to do, because everybody else does them. Just as we all merrily bought stocks a while back. (A slip of the typewriter. Excuse it, please. We didn't mean to mention the market again.)

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

One Life

SOME twenty years before the American Civil War, there was born—and lately there died—an obscure Negro.

He opened his eyes, innocently enough, on a world into which he had been born a slave. Around him, as he pressed tranquilly into existence, the faces that laughed and scowled, sang and muttered, were as black as his own. But the sun that warmed and enlightened him was yellow as a candle flame against darkness. The dark trees broke into a fountain of green above his eyes—to fall later in pools of crimson about his feet. And under the flowers, the dark and exciting earth, which he dug into with eager hands, was the color of his skin.

Rising gradually from oblivion he sometimes paused and breathed into himself this world of colors, his small and unknown person the unconscious center of a universe.

He was owned by the universe of which he was the center. It was no shock to him, then, to discover with his childhood that he was owned by the people who gave him enough to eat, clothes to cover him and walls to keep him from the cold. These were a mysterious people. Their appearance was a miracle of whiteness in front of which the child was speechless with curiosity and admiration. And they moved and spoke in a light which to him was undiscoverable. By the time he discovered it, this light of freedom, it vanished, for it had become his own.

The times kept strange touch with him. As he grew up from childhood he was taught to sweep and run errands, to wash dishes and wait on the table, to black boots and drive horses. He was taught to use his unaccustomed body in hard work; to bend and whittle his wild mind in the effort to be a good servant. By the time he had learned his trade, a war had swept over his head and he was free. In the same time he had become a young man.

As he had grown up unconsciously a slave, he moved on now unconsciously into freedom. The work which he had learned to do became his pride; the outside world, repeating the changes and delights of childhood, was his happiness.

As he grew older there arose through his affections the only two problems that ever troubled him. Year by year he saw the family that had once owned him, whose free servant he had become, changed and scattered. He took care of them through illness. He saw them poor. He watched them die. There was left finally only one of them all for him to look after. She had been a young woman when he was a little boy. Would she die before him, or would she live on after him? And if he should die first, who would be doing for her then? This made him anxious.

His second problem had grown up with him out of the war: his own race. Thoughts of them were strangely confused with his childhood, his innocence and ignorance, his beginning. No one owned them now but themselves. Who was going to teach them and look after them? He should have been able to help them, he told himself.

In the end, the work that he was doing was taken from him. He could not believe it, but it was true he was no longer able to work. He was only something over eighty, while his old Mistress was needing to be looked after and not likely to live much longer. Yet he was to be put in a Home where he himself would be taken care of by other people. He could not believe it. He would die of it.

He had never given much heed to money, but it was money that comforted him now. The little that he had earned, he had saved, and it had mounted up to two thousand dollars. It was not enough—he wrinkled his brow as he counted it—but it was what his lifetime had managed. She was almost a hundred years old. The money would help take care of her until the end. Afterwards, it could go to one of those colleges that were teaching his people. He made his will that way.

There was nothing for him to do now but to enjoy life. The long way that he had come stretched behind him like a pleasant road. If he had been told that he had risen from slavery to freedom and modest wealth, he would have been puzzled. If it had been pointed out to him that he had grown from ignorance and dependence to a conscious manhood that cared for those who had been his superiors, that contributed to his race, he would have been bewildered.

He would have answered only that the end of life made him remember childhood—and the warm exciting earth that had lain all about him, holding its trees and flowers.

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Raids on the Pantry

(Continued from Page 445)

then some. It proposed to accomplish this by means of a tangle of legalistic red tape through which the Government would have to cut its way every time it tried to proceed against violators of the Food and Drugs Act. It was introduced at the instance of and had the hearty support of makers of saccharin, a coal tar product used by dishonest manufacturers for the sweetening of food products and, what is considerably more significant, it was also supported by the patent medicine industry, many of whose members find the present swift and summary methods of the enforcing officials an acute inconvenience.

What apparently led to the formulation of the Williams Bill was the irritation felt by the saccharin manufacturers over "multiple seizures" of food products sweetened with their product. Instead of being decently moderate about it, and confining themselves to "single seizures," found in some one store or warehouse, the enforcing officials sought out the whole output of the offending manufacturers and brought about their attachment by the courts. This stopped the sale of the product altogether till it could be determined by formal court trial whether or not the law had been violated.

"Multiple seizure," as opposed to "single seizure," is a measure adopted by the Government only in very bad cases. Multiple seizures of bottled olives were made, for instance, during the botulism scare. Certain food products are subject to infection by an organism known as bacillus botulinus, which, if allowed to develop, produces a deadly poison which, if eaten, produces botulism, and is usually fatal in a short time. The outbreak of botulism occurred before the need for precautionary measures against it were fully understood. Manufacturers are now fully alive to the measures necessary for its prevention.

But the instance of the saccharin sweetened product mentioned above was a case of sheer rascality; and it was thought by the enforcement officials to deserve no quarter. At any rate it got none. The Government gathered in the saccharin sweeted product wherever it could be found. Saccharin is a drug. It is in no sense a food, and it has no nutritive value whatever. Its merit from the standpoint of the dishonest manufacturer is that it is very cheap, and is many times sweeter than sugar, so that a little goes a long way. There is a difference of opinion among food chemists as to whether saccharin is deleterious to health in small doses but there is no difference of opinion as to its being a poison when administered in large doses.

After the seizure of the saccharin sweetened product the Government brought criminal charges against the manufacturer. The changes were based on the allegation that saccharin is deleterious to health. The Government was not able, as against the testimony of experts employed by the defendant, to prove this, with regard to saccharin in small doses, to the satisfaction of the jury. The case was tried twice, with a hung jury each time. The reason of course was that in criminal prosecutions the Government has to prove its allegations beyond reasonable doubt. Mere preponderance of evidence will not do. After the two mistrials, it was concluded that there was insufficient evidence for a criminal prosecution, and the case was dismissed. In subsequent saccharin cases the Government alleged the presence of a deleterious substance, with the added charge that the substitution of a non-food, non-nutrient substance in place of the highly valuable food product, sugar, constituted adulteration. No manufacturer ever attempted to contest that charge; and always the manufacturer would either come in and admit the Government's charges, or else allow his products to go by default. The matter was never decided in court.

It was soon after this that Senator Williams introduced his Bill. The Bill did not mention saccharin, but it had the open support of the saccharin manufacturers. Its ostensible purpose was to protect the worthy manufacturer from the autocratic and summary police methods of the Department of Agriculture. It provided that before any seizure of suspected goods could be made, a hearing must be granted the manufacturer before a committee composed of a representative of the Treasury Department, the Department of Commerce, and the Department of Agriculture. If, after such a hearing, the Committee decided that the law had been violated, a *single* seizure would be permitted, and no more—save that if the goods contained poison, was made up of a filthy, decomposed or putrid animal or vegetable substance, or was a portion of an animal unfit for food, or of an animal that had been diseased, a multiple seizure might be made. It was also provided that not more than one action could be pending in the courts at one time till an adjudication had been made against the article.

This bill did not pass; but there is every indication that it will be revived. The advantages of it are clear. It is equivalent to forbidding a policeman to arrest a swindler till he can call a committee meeting of some sort and get the necessary authority—by which time of course, the swindler can dispose of his loot, establish his alibis, and build up as much fake evidence as he may need. Delay is invaluable in such cases.

It is worth mention in passing that this steady effort in certain quarters to substitute non-nutritive articles for food is a far reaching thing. There has been a drive, for instance, to have mineral oil put on the permissible list of articles used in the preparation of food, so that it might be used in place of olive oil, and other recognized oils, for canning sardines, and also for shortening cake and bread mixtures. Mineral oil is at present widely used, in a highly refined form, for the relief of constipation. In a less refined form it is excellent for the lubrication of machinery.

But to come back to the Williams Bill. The people who would make real money under the Williams Bill are those who make patent medicines. The virulence and cleverness of the assaults made by some members of the food industry on the Food and Drugs Act has been a slight matter compared with the attacks that have come from certain sections of the drug industry. Some drug publications have been especially loud and persistent in their denunciations of the Food, Drug and Insecticide Administration, and have urged editorially that the law needs changing, and that the Williams Bill must be passed.

Here is an instance which illustrates why makers of patent medicines favor the Williams Bill. A drug manufacturer in New England put out a liniment which he offered as a positive cure for tuberculosis, arteriosclerosis, cancer, locomoter ataxia, and other diseases. A multiple seizure was made on the ground that the stuff was vicious, and was fraudulently labeled.

The manufacturer sought an injunction to prevent the Secretary of Agriculture from seizing his goods. The injunction was not granted, but had the injunction been issued his goods could not have been touched; and he could have continued to ship and sell his nostrum in quantity unless the injunction was finally dissolved, or unless the court decision finally went against him. In the meantime, he would have made quite a killing. The point is this: that man, had there been a Williams Bill amending the Food and Drugs Act,

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could have gone on with his sales for many years because of the red tape and the single seizures.

How difficult it is for the Government to control such rogues is well illustrated by what happened last winter during the influenza epidemic. The market was flooded with nostrums advertised as sure cures for influenza, grippe, and pneumonia. Medical opinion says that no medical specific exists for any of these diseases, and that the only known cure is found in natural methods. On the ground that the sale of such remedies was clearly fraudulent the Government began a far-reaching campaign. About 300 single seizures were made, and none of these were contested. When one preparation, advertised as a pneumonia cure, was seized in Baltimore, the maker promptly removed from his label everything in the way of a fraudulent claim, but he continued to make fraudulent claims in his advertising, which could not be interfered with. So long as his *label* was immaculate he could not be touched.

There are many instances of that; and it is now felt by many of the officials who have the work in charge that the law ought to cover all forms of advertising of Food and Drugs. Something may soon be doing along that line. For instance, Senator Smoot lately proposed an amendment to bring all advertising of foods and drugs under the Food and Drugs Act, and further to include tobacco and tobacco products within the jurisdiction of the law. Since that would strike directly at advertising regarded as objectionable, as false, misleading, or fraudulent, Senator Smoot's aggressive move has thrown a thorough scare into the patent medicine industry.

With regard to fraudulent patent medicines, it is, of course, evident that a distinction is to be made between the fraudulent kinds and the many reputable proprietary preparations which are recognized and sanctioned by the medical profession. In both the food and drug industries, quacks and charlatans are decidedly in the minority.

There are many points where the food and drug quacks join hand. For instance there was a special brand of raisins advertised not long ago as excellent for children because of the laxative effects of the fruit. Investigation by the Government showed that the raisins were saturated with phenolphthalein, a cathartic drug. The preparation could have been legally sold as a drug but not as a food. The food industry as a whole and the drug industry as a whole are strongly behind the Food and Drugs Act. Reputable manufacturers find that they can make more money by selling an honest product at a fair price to a public that has confidence in the product. The National Preservers Association, for instance, is advocating an amendment to the Food and Drugs Act which will establish by statute definite technical standards for commercial preserves, jellies, jams, and apple butter, and will require that any produce falling below such standards even in the slightest degree be labeled "imitation," and bear on the label a list of the ingredients used in order of their weight. For instance, "Imitation Strawberry Jam, composed of corn sugar, cane sugar, pectin, strawberries, artificial color, and added acid." Seventy-five per cent of jellies, jams, preserves, and apple butter on the market were once "compounds" or else out and out imitations, and only twenty-five per cent were pure. Today the figures are reversed.

The National Canners Association is another branch of the Food Industry which is keen about putting more teeth into the Food and Drugs Act. It is supporting an amendment to the Act authorizing the Secretary of Agriculture to prescribe standards for various sorts of canned goods, and to prescribe labels to be used with all canned goods falling below the standard so set.

What all this means is that the canned food industry has grown enormously, as a result of the public confidence in canned goods which developed after the passing of the Food and Drugs Act. It now proposes to capitalize that confidence by guaranteeing its products in a way hitherto unheard of.

There are thus not wanting powerful constructive forces in the industrial world which, from motives of "enlightened self interest," and also because there are plenty of men who take satisfaction in the making of an honest product, are ranged solidly behind the Food and Drugs Act. But that kind of thing does not take the place of an enlightened and aroused public opinion.

The "X" of the Stock Market

(Continued from Page 447)

banks and life insurance companies seem equally applicable to investment trusts. In New York State, where most of these institutions are domiciled, plans for their regulation have been under consideration for several years. Former Attorney General Ottinger urged that they be placed under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Banks, but the Legislature seemed to regard this as too drastic. A new plan of regulation is now under consideration by a joint committee of the

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Legislature, and it may be ready during the coming winter.

Investment trusts have been cited both as a contributing cause and as an effect of the great bull market of 1925-29. They are believed to have stimulated the rise in prices by their heavy buying. At the same time the Gargantuan appetite for stocks which the public developed while prices were soaring undoubtedly helped to prepare the ground for the growth of the trusts.

Some financial experts, among them John Moody, insist that the persistent multiplication of these institutions, requiring billions of dollars for the flotation of their new shares, was an important influence in bringing about the spectacular crash in the stock market. This view has been vigorously disputed by other authorities, including Irving Fisher, who insist that the investment trusts are a stabilizing influence in the market, buying when prices dip and selling when they move sharply upward. The recent debacle in Wall Street seems to have played havoc with this theory. The trusts were about as effective in checking the collapse as an electric fan in a West Indian hurricane. After all, what should they be expected to do when their total free resources are less than one per cent of the market value of the listed stocks? The stock market has become too big to be dominated by any single group.

The recent collapse of stock prices was the first experience which investment trusts in this country have had of really adverse market conditions. It is too early as yet to ascertain how they have weathered the storm. That they have sustained huge losses of paper profits is self-evident. One trust, on four of the thirty common stocks in its portfolio, is said to have taken a book loss of $6,000,000 on the first day of the reaction.

With investment trusts existing in such numbers and in such variety it is useless to attempt generalizations. The effect upon them of the slump in the stock market will vary with the character of each concern. It seems reasonably safe, however, to venture a few tentative conclusions about them, subject to correction in the light of later developments. (1) Their ability to stabilize the stock market has been greatly exaggerated. (2) In recent months their growth has been overstimulated, and in the near future they will not multiply so rapidly. A period of seasoning and of orientation lies ahead. (3) The abuses which have developed in connection with the inauguration of some of the trusts will be eliminated; their stocks henceforth will be treated as instruments for safe and sane investing and not for quick profits. (4) The management will become more conservative among concerns where conservatism has been lacking.

All this will make for a healthier financial situation. The readjustment which faces a few of the trusts will probably be painful, but when it is effected and when the public has grasped a proper conception of the work for which an investment trust is designed, there is every reason to believe that this new financial organization will play an increasingly useful part in the economic life of the nation.

Stresemann's Successor

(Continued from Page 461)

evacuate the occupied portions of the Rhineland long before the time-limit set in the Treaty of Versailles.

Where will another German be found capable of making Republicans and Monarchists do team-work within Germany? That is the question of the hour today—that and one other, still more important: where will a German be found capable of working, as did Stresemann, in harmonious co-operation with the representatives of the Allies?

The first task, one may prophesy, will be the less arduous. After all, ten years have passed since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. It seems safe to assume that coming decades will not equal the first decade in the history of the German Republic as a time of peril for Germany. The day of fighting between "Reds" and Government soldiers in the streets of German cities can scarcely recur unless there is a most dramatic and unexpected turn of events; another *Putsch,* led by extremists of the type of Ludendorff and Kapp, could scarcely come under present conditions.

In the field of external politics the achievement of Stresemann was infinitely greater than what he did toward welding together bitterly hostile factions for co-operation at home.

Had he remained what he was in the first post-war years, Gustav Stresemann would have got nowhere in dealing with the statesmen of the Allied countries. At the very first contact they would have spurned his arguments and check-mated his every move. Imagine Briand negotiating with Ludendorff! Or—to adduce a less violent antithesis—imagine Briand or Sir Austen Chamberlain co-operating with any German whatsoever who should declare: "My ideal is the restoration of the old Germany!"

Gustav Stresemann had the rare faculty of being able to cross the frontier of his native land, enter some foreign land, look back at Germany, and see it with the eyes of a native of the land which he had entered.

Stresemann could remain a German and yet grasp what people in the lands of the Allies thought about Germany, and, having grasped it, demand from the representatives of those lands favors which, had he been some other kind of statesman, would have seemed to them far too great, and, having demanded them, obtain them, and, having obtained them, face a Reichstag at home, filled with foes howling that the favors obtained were too small, and, by dint of sheer pugnacity and plausibility and driving power, tell them that nothing more was to be obtained by them or anybody else, and dare them to give him the lie, and, having dared them, remain clutching the helm of Germany's storm-ridden ship of state, in the teeth of their muttered curses and glowering eyes.

Can any other German do it?

Hardly. Such men are rare. It will be a surprise indeed if another Stresemann should sit, in our generation, beside Frenchmen and Britons at Geneva; if another German, gifted with the same qualities, helps, as he did, to exorcise war in close and friendly co-operation with men representing nations which, a few years ago, were pitted against Germany in murderous battle. Were there many like Stresemann, why should the whole world have joined in an outburst of praise for him when death felled him?

At first sight this probable lack of another Stresemann would seem a gloomy prospect for all Germans who want peace—for all indeed, throughout the world, who turn in horror from the thought of more war. Yet, in reality, it may not be as gloomy as it seems.

For just as he may have made easier the road of his successor in internal German politics, Gustav Stresemann may have smoothed it with equal success in the domain of Germany's dealings with other nations.

When he first forged to the front six years ago, the German mark had plunged to depths of fantastic worthlessness; the French were in the Ruhr; the Rhineland bristled with Allied bayonets; the reactionaries of Germany were massing for a fight which must irretrievably have brought their country to even blacker ruin. In short, Germany, beset by blind extremists within and implacable foes without, seemed doomed to perdition.

Now, however, the German mark has

(Please Turn to Page 478)

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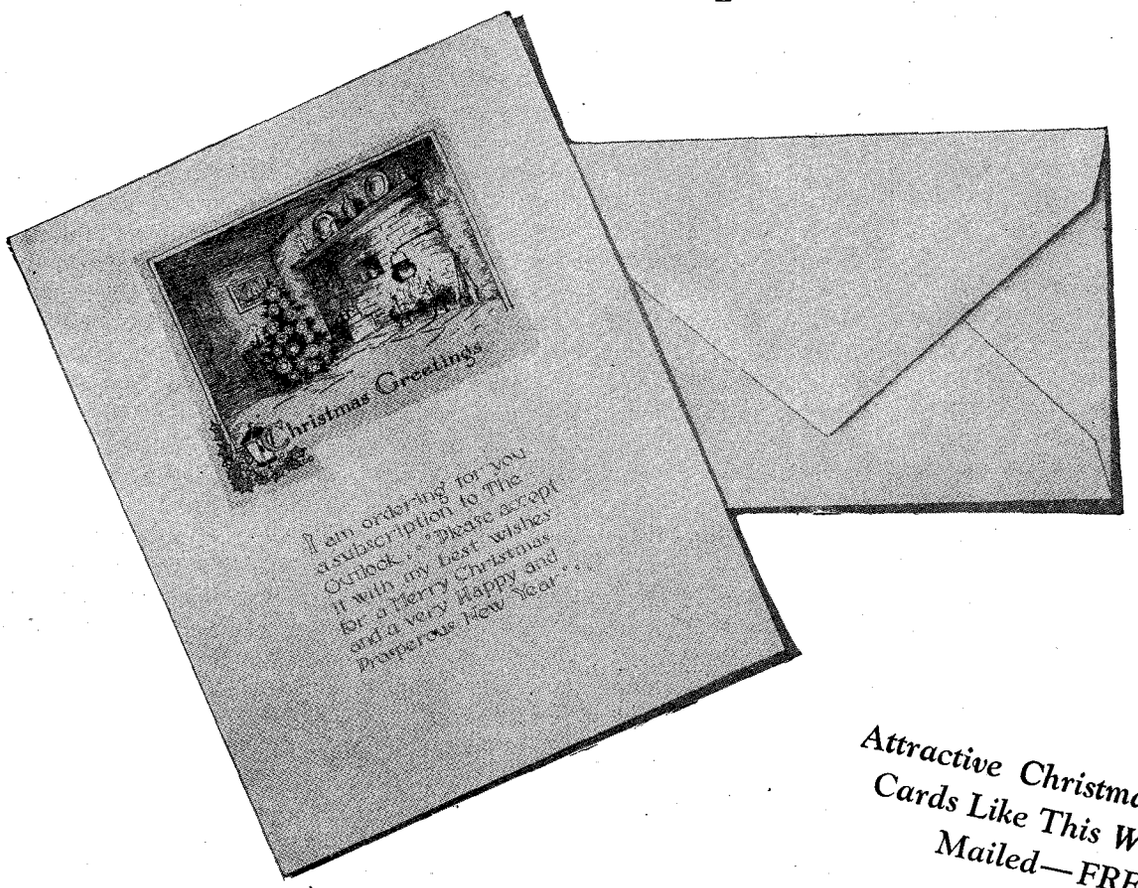
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Stresemann's Successor

(Continued from Page 476)

been stabilized. The question of reparations, though still thorny, has been brought out of the realm of political madness into that of economic reason. The French have left the Ruhr. The evacuation of the Rhineland is in full swing. The German reactionaries have had their knuckles rapped and their tempers tamed. Germany's erstwhile foes look upon her with far different eyes than in 1923; negotiations with her are conducted without rancor, ended without recrimination.

In short, Gustav Stresemann, in the six years that brought him world-wide celebrity and premature death, did such an enormous amount of spadework that his successor may not need to be a Stresemann at all. The years may show that Stresemann's achievements were such, the road marked out by him so obviously the right one, that any German with a fair amount of statesmanship can, by following it, buttress those achievements and lay the foundation for further good work such as Stresemann—had he lived and continued to outmanoeuvre his foes—would have done himself.

If this be so, then Stresemann's successor is a man to be envied.

Enter Phineas P. Quimby

(Continued from Page 451)

stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth? And is not this the Christ which is in him? We know that in wisdom is life, 'and the life was the light of man.' P. P. Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection. But we also know that 'light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not'."

It is probable that Mrs. Patterson would have stayed on in Portland, but for the news which now came to her. Dr. Patterson had escaped from the southern prison, and was on his way home.

Mrs. Patterson met her husband at the home of her sister in Sanbornton Bridge. In January she wrote in a letter to Quimby, "I am to all who once knew me a living wonder, and a living monument of your power. . . . I eat, drink and am merry; have no laws to fetter my spirit now, though I am quite as much of an escaped prisoner as my dear husband was."

Mrs. Patterson's "miraculous" recovery had stimulated a great interest among her friends. In the letter quoted above, she writes to Quimby that "five or six of my friends are going to visit you." Her sister's son Albert, then a young man of seventeen, was not only sickly, but had acquired the habit of smoking and drinking to excess. Albert Tilton visited Quimby in Portland some time in the latter part of February 1863 and a week after his return to Sanbornton Bridge, Mrs. Patterson wrote to Quimby that Albert's parents were very anxious for his "saving power to be renewed" in Albert's behalf. "But this is the period of excitement in New Hampshire, and the ballot box controls, hence he cannot visit you until next week." She explains that Albert is beginning to smoke again, and they fear that the "worst of all his habits, viz. drinking intoxicating liquor, may return," and that his parents wish Quimby "to make these things impossible to him until he returns to you accompanied by his Mother, which we hope will be soon."

She adds a few words "about my own self." "Won't you laugh when I tell you since I have been trying to affect Albert, I am suffering from a constant desire to smoke!! Do pray rid me of this feeling. I should think it deplorable to feel long as Albert does. He says he constantly longs to smoke. But we *think* he has not drank improper beverages since his return; however, won't you include this in your catalogue when you send the subtle fluid of mind, or *spirit,* to conquer matter."

In the summer of 1863, the Pattersons visited Dr. Patterson's brother in Saco, Maine, for a time, and early in the year of 1864, Dr. Patterson went to Lynn, Massachusetts, to establish himself in the practice of his profession there. Meantime, Mrs. Patterson stopped at Portland, where she took up what she called her "pupilage" under Quimby in earnest again.

With this new and vital influx of energy, Mrs. Patterson had blossomed afresh, the light returned to her eyes, and she was again the magnetic and attractive personality of her early years. Her ambition returned and she hoped to be of service in spreading "the Truth" or "the Science of Health and Happiness," as the theory was variously called.

In the boarding house where she lived during this sojourn were also several other patients of Quimby's, among them Miss Mary Ann Jarvis of Warren, Maine, and a Mrs. Sarah Crosby of Albion. The three women spent much time together and became fast friends. Miss Jarvis suffered from tuberculosis and asthma, and altogether seems to have been in a more serious physical condition than the other two, and of a temperament to lean rather heavily upon the help of others. When Miss Jarvis was better she went to her home in Warren, but shortly afterward suffered a relapse, and sent for Mrs. Patterson to come and fortify her faith.

Mrs. Patterson's stay with Miss Jarvis lasted from the first week in March to the end of May. Every suggestion of leaving Miss Jarvis seemed to plunge the invalid into despair and bring on a renewal of alarming symptoms which compelled Mrs. Patterson to extend her stay. In spite of the melancholy atmosphere, her interest was lively and keen, and her enthusiasm for "the Truth" or "Wisdom" was unabated. At every opportunity, she spread the good word, and eloquently defended Quimby against "ignoramuses." In one letter she says, "I like much the hearts of Warren folks, i.e., better than their heads."

She gave several public talks while she was in Warren, explaining Quimby's method. She reports to Quimby about the lectures in a sprightly vein.

"Posted at the public marts of this city is this notice:

> Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall one week from next Wednesday on P. P. Quimby's spiritual Science healing disease—as opposed to Deism or Rochester-Rapping-Spiritualism."

About one of these talks, she writes that it was "thinly attended, but the precious few were those whom a lady present (the manufacturer's wife) said were the uppertendam; only think of Yankee castes in *all* our country *villages*. I thoroughly wish we were understood as a people, the *true American idea*. But I felt pleased to know there were men of intellect and comprehension present, such as Mr. Hodgeman, and Mr. Johnson of this place. I was told Mr. Hodgeman, a man 60 years old, said 'twas the nearest *right* of any thing he ever heard at Warren." She says that since the lecture Mrs. Fuller, the woolen manufacturer's wife, who was ill, had sent for her to visit her professionally, but adds, "I returned a note that I was not done with my pupilage yet, and recommended her to visit you."

In the same letter she writes of her lecture:

"I began like this—Ladies and gentlemen, ahem! To correct any misconceived ideas on the subject we would first say—that a belief in spiritualism, as defined by rappings, trances, or any agency in healing the sick, coming from

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the dead, we wholly disclaim.

"I had no poetry at the close, 'twas all *truth*. Will read it to you if you will like when next I see you. Had a letter from the editor of the *Independent* to write for his widely circulated journal. But I am not strong enough to step out upon the waves yet. I fear at least wetting my feet."

She left Miss Jarvis early in June, stopping at Portland, then going on to Lynn where Dr. Patterson was establishing his practice. During 1864 and 1865 Mrs. Patterson made several visits to Portland, and stopped there whenever it was conveniently on the route to some other place she was visiting.

In Lynn the Pattersons did not keep house, but lived in various boarding houses. Mrs. Patterson occupied her time in writing, contributing short pieces on local subjects and occasional poems to the Lynn newspapers. But her chief concern was Quimby and the Quimby ideas. She wrote often to Quimby, and talked about him wherever she went, to all who would listen, whether interested or not. In the spring of 1865 she made another visit to Portland and returned as usual in much better health, and with still added enthusiasm and stimulus. It had been her ambition from the beginning to become a teacher of Quimby's method; now her energies were all bent in this direction.

Quimby's practice had been steadily increasing, and the demands on his time, not only for direct treatment but absent treatment and the voluminous correspondence he constantly carried on, were sapping his strength. He had been suffering for some time with an abdominal tumor which he had so far been able to keep from developing seriously by his own mental treatments. He knew the danger, for Julius Dresser tells us that Quimby often said to those nearest him that should he ever reach the stage of exhaustion from which he could not recover himself, no one would be able to help him. Realizing this, Quimby nevertheless yielded to the unceasing demands of the sick.

In the summer of 1865, overwhelmed with work, and always too sympathetic to turn away any of the sufferers who crowded his waiting rooms, he saw that he could not go on. Closing his Portland offices, he retired to his home in Belfast to devote the rest of his life to the revision of his manuscripts for publication, and to so clear and final a formulation of his theory and method as would not only serve as a cure, but provide as well a means for the prevention of disease.

But he had waited too long. His strength now rapidly failed. At last, says his son, he became so weak that "he no longer had the strength of will nor the reasoning powers to combat the sickness." And now he acknowledged his inability to help himself. His family, who were devoted to him, but had never themselves entirely grasped his philosophy, wished to call in a homeopathic physician. To comfort them, he acquiesced, and although he had no faith in the medicine himself, obediently carried out the doctor's orders.

An hour before his death, he said to his son George: "I am more than ever convinced of the truth of my theory. I am perfectly willing for the change myself, but I know you will all feel badly; but *I* know that I shall be right here with you, just the same as I have always been. I do not dread the change any more than if I were going on a trip to Philadelphia."

He died at his home in Belfast, on January 16, 1866, at the age of sixty-four.

On February 15th, Mrs. Patterson wrote to Mr. Julius Dresser, Quimby's close friend and the student who was acknowledged to have had the best understanding of his ideas, as follows: ". . . . I am constantly wishing that *you* would step forward into the place he has vacated. I believe you would do a vast amount of good, and are more capable of occupying his place than any other I know of.

"Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk, and struck my back on the ice, and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, chloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.

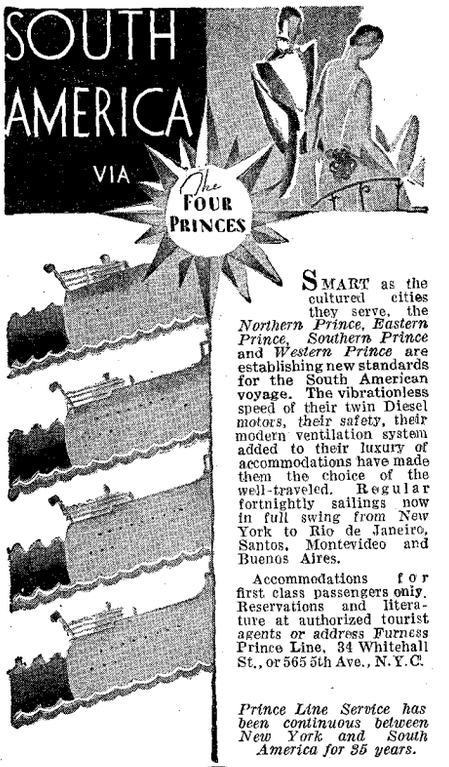
"The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone* and *will* walk; but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me? I believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think that I could help another in my condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done, and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get you?"

Apparently Mr. Dresser did not feel himself capable of taking Quimby's place. The death of his friend and teacher may have shaken him to such an extent that he was not willing to test his own power at that time; although he did many years later take up the work and became one of the founders of the present school of Mental Healing, Truth, or New Thought, with theories avowedly derived from Quimby.

This left Mrs. Patterson under the necessity of working out for herself the application of the knowledge she had received from Quimby. Her faith remained unshaken, but the death of the man who had been her deliverer from a life of invalidism was no small disaster, as may be seen from her letter to Mr. Dresser.

Particular note is to be made of the fall on the ice, the effects of which caused Mrs. Patterson to call upon Mr. Dresser for aid; since, as Miss Wilbur puts it in the Authorized Life, "this accident has been called with various shades of sentiment, the 'fall' in Lynn." Mrs. Patterson recovered successfully from this fall. This fact is all that is necessary to say of the event at this point in the narrative. The controversy which centered upon the circumstances of the recovery came much later, and will be given in the sequence in which it appeared.

(To Be Continued)



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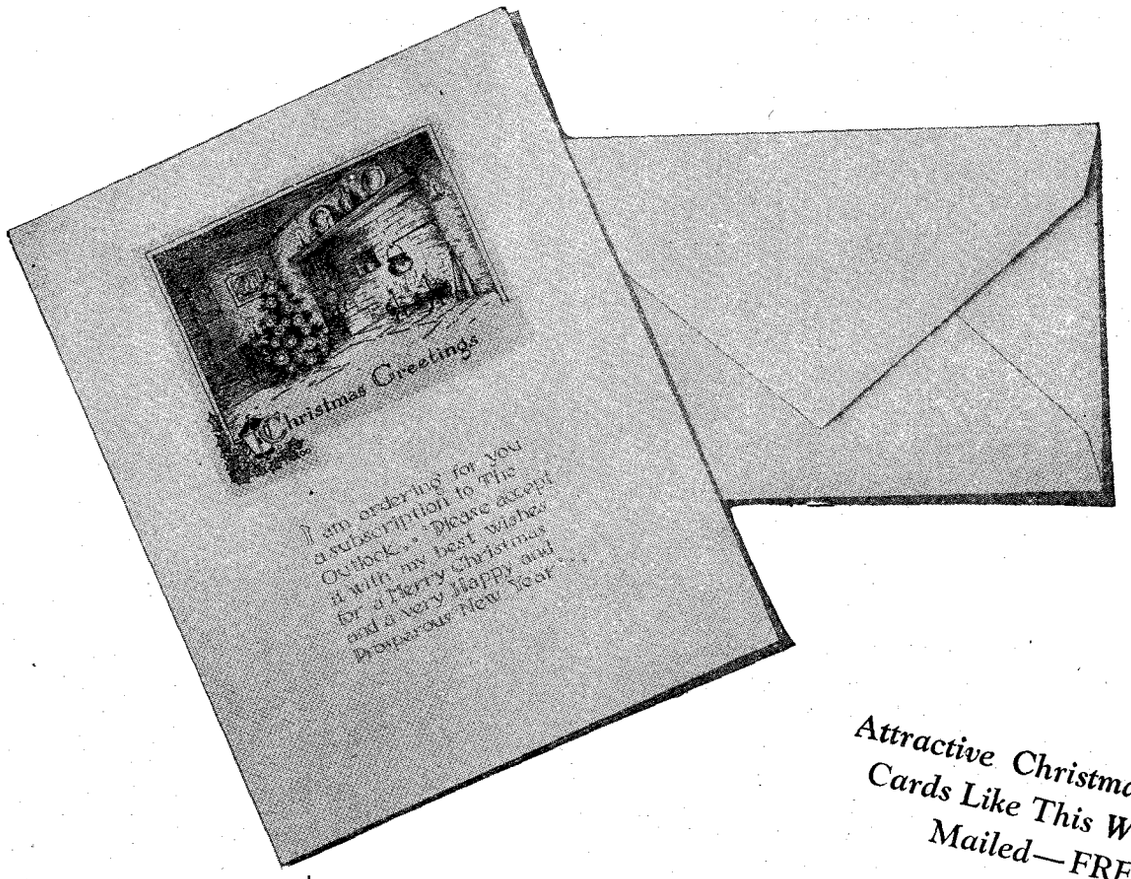
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With Our Readers

Again the Government

Osterville, Massachusetts

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have been a subscriber of the Outlook for the past thirty years about. Formerly I was very devoted to the magazine, but for the past few years, quite contrary to much of your criticism, according to your printed accounts, I have not found the reading nearly so satisfactory. I do not think your standards nearly so fine as they were. Although, I know that you endeavored to be non-partisan, still it always seemed to me your attitude was quite Republican and at least in favor of the best, but since you have taken on the Independent, I sense the difference constantly. Surely "Back Stage in Washington" is not written by a Hoover supporter.

HARRIET W. GOULD

Three Cheers

Tulsa, Oklahoma

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

All hail to Mr. Phillips in the issue of September 18, and to Mr. Winslow in the issue of October 9, and to the courage of their protests against the liquor and gambling laws. May I be so rash as to extend their reasoning to another galaxy of laws, equally illogical and far more futile, the laws dealing with sex indulgences....

Does any one think these laws have a moral foundation? Who says so? Not the Mohammedans, who prohibit drinking and who outnumber the Christian peoples; not the Hindus, whose temple girls are sacred to the pleasures of the devout; not the Russians, who have dispensed with nearly all the restrictions; not the Chinese or the Japanese or the Africans; not Mrs. Bertrand Russell, with her bitterness against "The superstition of chastity;" not the Publisher of The Outlook to judge from his theatrical reviews; not the great mass of the Latin nations; no one, in fact, but the Puritan Teutonic nations, constituting less than a fifth of the people in the world. No, it is obvious that sumptuary laws have no moral basis.

And these laws are clearly not enforceable. Some of them, according to Professor Westermarck, have been in existence since the days of our earliest ape-ancestor, yet are still flagrantly disregarded. In the words of Mr. Winslow, "The laws have utterly failed to suppress the instinct." To quote both Mr. Phillips and Mr. Winslow, "Why chide the agent who supplies, as best he can, under serious handicaps, a countrywide demand?" Or, to quote again, "Why continue in any non-criminal line what are, if not 'rash and ignoble experiments,' at least obviously unsuccessful ones?"

Doubtless such a suggestion will at first seem shocking, but thoughtful people must soon realize that the analogy is perfect, and that not one but all sumptuary laws must go. We shall never achieve real civilization until we recognize man's moral right to drink, gamble, and be amorous—to make a beast and a cad of himself whenever he chooses. Then three cheers, one each, for free liquor, lotteries, and love.

JACKSON GRANT

The League of Nations

Reading, Pa.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Frederick A. Pottle's *Stretchers* constitutes a unique and significant contribution to the literature of the World War. It is a scarlet splash on the vast canvas of history. Reading it, one pauses for shame at the forgetfulness which has engulfed the War's heroism and sacrifice, the sum of which staggers mind and heart.

The author's cultural and philosophic outlook qualifies him peculiarly to bear witness to the scenes he describes, both as participant and as interpreter. Too few of the men at the Front carried the ideals of the War through its mud and pain and brought them home articulate. That Mr. Pottle did so makes him spokesman for the rest.

His concluding section, "Eleven A. M. and After," presents a challenge to which The Outlook as a journal of inquiry should make reply. Who can read his book without looking the War in the face and demanding, "Was it worth it?" More than that, who can avoid asking, "What have we done with the victory to justify the sacrifice in obtaining it?"

The so far discredited League of Nations, to which Mr. Pottle refers as an aim of the War, stands—whether one is prepared to acknowledge it or not—the sole practical advance towards peace since 1914. From it indeed has sprung the justly applauded "Kellogg Pact," which is simply America's pious apology for non-participation in the League. But in the League itself, and in the League only, will exist the justification of the World War to posterity.

Is The Outlook satisfied that America ever passed sober judgment upon the League of Nations? We have indeed abstained from participation; further, we have misrepresented, ridiculed, and execrated the League—the very League which in 1918 was revered as an ideal for which American citizens were offering their lives.

Is it of no consequence in reviewing our decision that even the United States Senate of 1919, by overwhelming majority, voted for our participation in the League, either with reservations or without them? At that date at least, both William H. Taft, now Chief Justice of the United States, and Herbert Hoover, now President of the United States, found the League acceptable and supported it. In view of the fact that the majority of our public men favored it to a greater or less extent, who is responsible for the persisting popular disaffection for the League of Nations? Have we been the victims of propagandists like William B. Shearer and their employers, who regard war and preparation for it as profitable to themselves?

The last chapter of the World War aftermath has hardly yet been written, and a reconsideration of this once cherished project may find us far more ready to co-operate than we have heretofore appeared. Mr. Pottle and those for whom he speaks may yet learn that the day's work can begin at Eleven A. M., and regardless of difficulties, be completed by sundown.

HENRY MCK. ROTHERMEL

In School

Brevard, N. C.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

It gives me pleasure to tell you that The Outlook is to my opinion one of the most interesting and informing magazines of to-day. I look forward to it most eagerly each week.

As librarian in a High School (Boarding School) I find that The Outlook is also very popular with the students especially the boys. The teachers use it for outside reading for classes frequently.

J. F. WINTON

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